

LADY
RUSSELL'S LETTERS.

VOL. I.



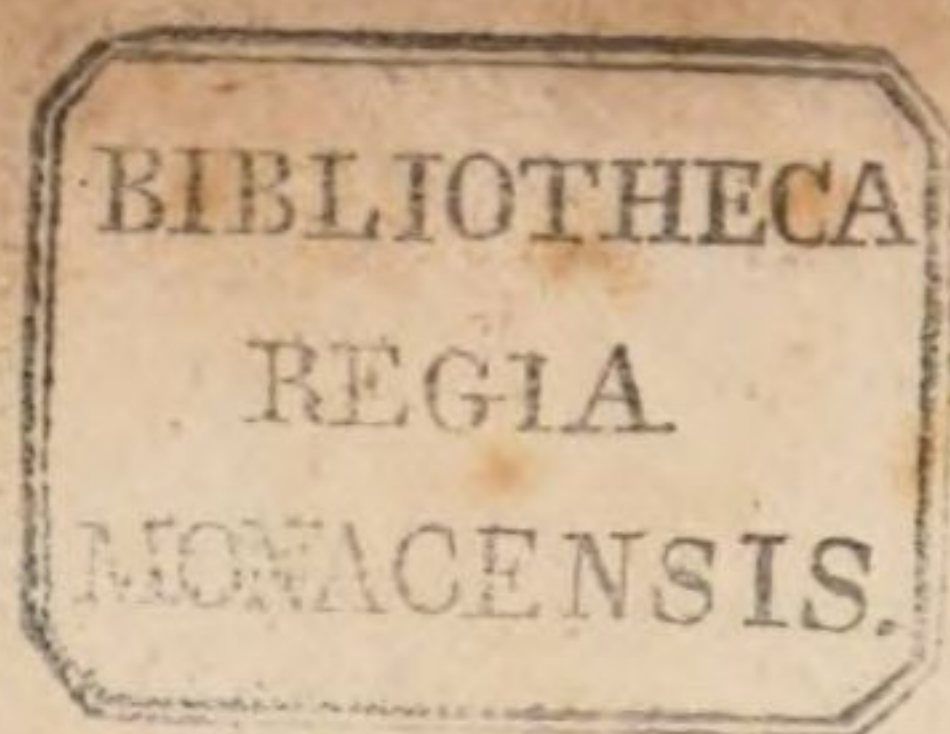
The Orig: at Woburn.

G. Murray sc.

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.

1819.

34.9.



BIBLIOTHECA

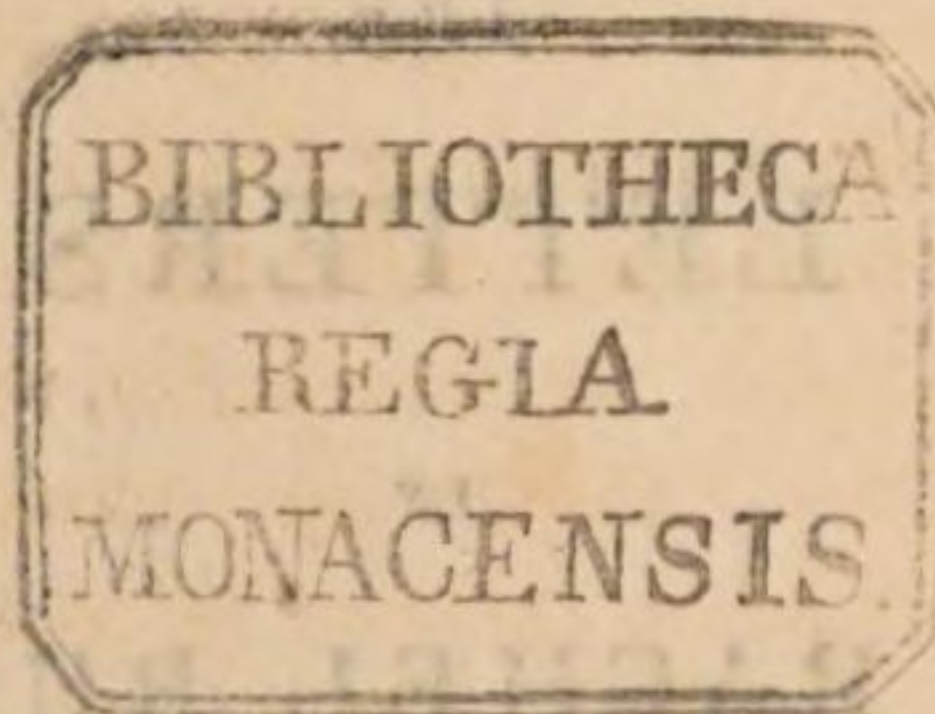
REGIA

MONACENSIS.

THE
LETTERS
OF
LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.
FROM THE
ORIGINAL AT WOBURN ABBEY.

VOL. I.

MDCCCXXV.



C. & C. WHITTINGHAM, Chiswick.

THE good sense, tender affection, fortitude, and religion of Lady Russell are eminently displayed in the following collection of Letters; to which Dr. Birch often refers in his Life of Archbishop Tillotson, giving also two or three extracts. The letters were copied from the originals by Thomas Sellwood, who lived in her family, and dedicated them to the late Duke of Bedford. His manuscript, which is in the library at Woburn Abbey, being faithfully transcribed, permission was easily obtained to publish this illustrious monument of female virtue. May the example of a lady, no less distinguished by merit than dignity, excite imitation! and may the conduct of the great be universally influenced by the maxim, "that nobility derives its brightest splendour from solid piety!"

The letters are chiefly Lady Russell's; the others are from sundry persons, and some of the highest rank, to her. There are added, from Birch, a few of Archbishop Tillotson's to her ladyship, they being connected with some in this collection; these are distinguished by being placed within crotchets; and also her letter to King Charles II. after her husband's death. Notes are interspersed, to illustrate some passages of the letters, and make the readers better acquainted with the persons there mentioned.

TO THE MOST NOBLE
JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD,

**MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK, EARL OF BEDFORD,
LORD RUSSELL, BARON RUSSELL OF THORNHAUGH,
BARON HOWLAND OF STREATHAM,**

LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF BEDFORD,

And one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

THESE are copies of my Lady Russell's letters from the originals. All those to Doctor Fitzwilliam were by him returned in one packet to her ladyship, with his desire they might be printed for the benefit of the public. Those to the Earl of Galway were preserved by his lordship. One to King William was found in his

pocket, and those to others are minutes or copies, all of her ladyship's hand writing. Thousands, that deserved a much better fate, are not to be recovered.

Doctor Burnet to my Lady Russell, writes—
“I know you act upon noble and worthy principles, and you have so strange a way of expressing yourself, that I sincerely acknowledge my pen is apt to drop out of my hand when I begin to write to you, for I am very sensible I cannot rise up to your strain,” &c. Again, when Bishop of Salisbury, he says—“As I have met with all the noble marks of a most obliging goodness and friendship, so no heart can possibly be fuller of a deep sense of it than mine is: and as long as I live I will reckon myself as much a property to you as any thing can be that eats your bread; and you and yours may depend upon all that I can ever do, as much as if I were bought with your money.”

Doctor John Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) writes,—“I need not to tell your ladyship, how little reckoning is to be made of

any of the comforts of this world. All our hopes, but that of another, are built upon uncertainty and vanity. Till we come to the region above, we shall never be out of the reach of storms and tempests; thither let us always be aspiring, and pressing forwards towards that blessed state: but why do I say this to one that hath a much more lively sense of these things?"

The Princess of Orange says—"I am sure I may learn from yours to consider God's providence in such a manner as to make it easy."

Doctor Simon Patrick, afterwards Bishop of Ely, writes—"I intend to read over the same authors which your ladyship names; and if your ladyship pleases to impart some of your thoughts upon any passages, I shall value them as misers are wont to do their treasure, who envy the sight of it to all the world besides." And Judge Vaughan said to me—"He never knew man or woman to speak better than Lady Russell."

Those high testimonies, and the conservation of these few remaining letters, which, with their excellent use, transmit to posterity part of so

great a character in its own lustre, as your grace's
ever to be honoured ancestor, The right honour-
able Lady Rachel Russell's, give me assurance
that your grace will accept of, and be well
pleased with this transcript.

I am,

YOUR GRACE's most dutiful,

And most obedient servant,

THOMAS SELLWOOD.

A. D. 1748.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL'S LETTERS.

I.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM*.

THOUGH I am very earnest to hear, good doctor, how my brother† is after his journey, and melancholy welcome home, yet I had not troubled you so very soon, if some discourse with Lord Shaftsbury‡ had not oc-

* A divine, for whom Lady Russell had a great esteem and friendship; he had been chaplain to her father, as he was afterwards to the Duke of York; rector of Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, and canon of Windsor; which preferments he lost after the revolution, upon refusal of the oaths. *Birch's Life of Tillotson.*

† Lord Noel, who married Lady Russell's eldest sister, and was afterwards Earl of Gainsborough.

‡ Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury, who married Margaret, daughter of William Lord Spencer, and Penelope Wriothesley: on being disappointed in his political schemes, he retired to Holland (though he had been a bitter enemy to

casioned it, who coming here, was much concerned to find they could have no meeting with my brother, to adjust things as they desired; but since he did not apply himself to do it, they hope he is satisfied how they must proceed, in order to their trust; and telling me it was necessary they should speak with the person who managed the estate, and understood it best, I thought it fit to let my brother know it, and so if he please the same person (who I suppose to be Holloway) may bring up the papers; and being by so safe a messenger, my brother may consider whether he will not send the original ones; for their counsel says, they must be here before they can do any thing

that state) in November, 1682, where he languished about six weeks, surrounded with a few miserable refugees, and then gave up the ghost, January, 1682-3. Ralph says, "Here let the man of eminent rank, title, fortune, capacity, greatness, and importance, pause and reflect one moment seriously and solemnly on the eminent vanity of all those coveted and envied possessions, when they become the prostitutes of ambition." Ambition was Lord Shaftsbury's idol; to ambition he sacrificed all things; ambition made him a courtier; ambition made him a patriot; and to ambition, though not after the usual form, he died a martyr. Mr. Locke ascribes to him a noble saying, viz, "That it is not the want of knowledge, but the perverseness of the will, that fills men's actions with folly, and their lives with disorder." And it is greatly to be lamented, that he did not apply it to the regulation of his own life; in which case it had probably proved but one continued scene of happiness and glory to himself, and had been measured by an uninterrupted series of services to his country; whereas, by making all his powers and faculties the slaves of his passions, he was the instrument of tyranny when in power, and of confusion when out; was ever exposed to troubles and disappointments; and was always more hated than beloved by his own associates. Rapin calls him one of the greatest ge-

effectually. But my brother will, however, think fit to keep attested copies, and hasten those he sends up as soon as possible. This is what their counsel advises upon them as necessary, and absolutely so.

My lord presents his service to my brother; I do so too; and heartily pray to God to comfort him in his sorrows, and direct him in all his actions.

I am, good doctor, your humble servant.

6 March, 1679-80.

My kindest service to all the dear young ones.

ninuses England had produced for many years: and adds, "This is the testimony equally given him by friends and enemies."

It must be allowed, that, notwithstanding all his inconstancy, party rage, dissimulation, and ruinous ambition, he was one of the most able and upright judges that ever presided in the Court of Chancery. *Smollet*.

In 1695, Lord Ashley (grandson of the abovementioned great Earl of Shaftsbury), at present famous for his moral tracts, entitled "*Characteristics*," being returned a member for Poole, in Dorsetshire (while the bill for regulating trials in cases of high treason was depending), and attempting to utter a premeditated speech in favour of that clause of the bill which allowed the prisoner the benefit of counsel, fell into such a disorder, that he was not able to proceed: but having at length recovered his spirits, and together with them the command of his faculties, he drew such an argument from his own confusion, as more advantaged his cause than all the powers of eloquence could have done: "For (said he) if I, who had no personal concern in the question, was so overpowered with my own apprehensions, that I could not find words or voice to express myself, what must be the case of one whose life depended on his own abilities to defend it?" *Ralph*. This happy turn did great service in promoting that excellent bill.

II.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

As unpleasing reports seldom miss reaching our ears, so did not that of your sickness many days before I could hear how it had pleased God to dispose of you; which I applied myself to do (with a real concern) by my sister Allington, the best way I could think on; and did learn from her the hopes of your recovery, which is better for us that you should abide in the flesh, though I am persuaded you might say, it had been better for you to depart, and to be with Christ! I was glad, good doctor, to see a letter under your own hand; but now you must suffer a little rebuke, why you would not direct it to me: I am resolved to return my thanks no other way for your fine cheeses, which are a large stock for the whole winter.

A true friend, I find, will not be discouraged, or certainly you would, from the toil of a journey to Titchfield (being weak) at this time of year. I wish it may be for the good you design, and then, I believe, your respect and kindness both for the living and the dead will leave you no room for repentance. I am doubtful if this paper will find you, and therefore shall not enlarge, but sign myself, sir, your ever faithful friend and servant.

20 Sept. 1680.

I desire your good prayers in respect to my present condition; I now drawing near my time, looking next month.

III.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I WAS sensibly troubled, sir, at the reading your letter, to find you seized with a fresh distemper: self-interest makes me lament it, for such must the concerns of my dear sister's children ever be to me. But I can sincerely assure you, I am sorry Dr. Fitzwilliam labours under the sufferings of bodily pains; though the freeness of the mind, and the reasoning, and comfortable reflections you are able to make, are inexpressible comforts, which others want, and few can attain to. Lord, grant I may obtain, in the day of trial, a resigned will and a strong belief! How happy then was the day of my birth, which began that of an eternal bliss! With what joy shall we praise God for ever! And in this contemplation, how light should all worldly afflictions seem to us! But here my heart condemns me, who cannot overcome in any degree, as I ought, the late loss of my loved sister. I pray God forgive my weakness, and that it may not provoke him to try me with greater crosses. Join with me, good doctor, as also that God would assist me in my approaching time*.

My sister Allington was yesterday brought to bed of a fine boy. I wish heartily to hear you are released of your ill companion. The Jesuits' Powder is here

* Lady Russell, on the 1st of November, 1680, was brought to bed of a son, afterwards Duke of Bedford, father of the present Duke of Bedford. A. D. 1748.

the infallible cure, and held most safe to be taken by the best doctors.

I am, sir,

Your very faithful friend and servant.

5 Oct. 1680.

IV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Your letters are still the welcome messengers of good news to me, good doctor, and the good will I know you send them with, engages my receiving them the more kindly; and my best thanks are due to you for them; but where our chiefest thanks should be paid, I desire that neither myself, nor those concerned near as I was, may forget our duty. With your usual favour, oblige me by presenting my service cheerfully to my brother: I hope he still improves in his health. That they may both rejoice many years in the well being of one another, is the earnest prayer of

Their humble servant and yours.

Tuesday Morning.

V.

TO THE KING (CHARLES II.)

Indorsed by her, "My Letter to the King a few days after my dear Lord's death."

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,
I FIND my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, but still continue to misrepresent him to

your majesty. 'Tis a great addition to my sorrows to hear your majesty is prevailed upon to believe that the paper he delivered to the sheriff at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest that [during his imprisonment*] I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure 'tis an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words we like, or are accustomed to in our conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true†; as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request; and the author of it in all his conversation with my husband, that I was privy to, showed himself a loyal subject to your majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing as to deliver for his own, what was not properly and expressly so. And if, after the loss in such a manner

* The words included in the brackets are crossed out.

† It contained an account of all that passed between Dr. Burnet and his lordship, concerning his last speech and paper. It is called the "*Journal*," in the History of his own Time, vol. i. p. 562.

of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your majesty only could afford it by having better thoughts of him, which, when I was so importunate to speak with your majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have writ nothing in this that will displease your majesty. If I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your majesty's father in his greatest extremities [and your majesty in your greatest posts], and one that is not conscious of having done any thing to offend you [before]. I shall ever pray for your majesty's long life and happy reign.

Who am, with all humility,

May it please your majesty, &c.

VI.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I NEED not tell you, good doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this*. You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused, as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and compassionate my dis-

* Lord Russell, her husband, was executed, or rather murdered, July 21, 1683.

tress, as you have already done by your good letter, and excellent prayer. I endeavour to make the best use I can of both; but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions, or worthiness, towards receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow, till by the mighty aids of his holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard, to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine. But, alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts, as of a future condition* of prayer: but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts: I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company

* Two or three words torn off.

and meals I would avoid, if it might be ; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way ; and this sure hinders my comfort : when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them ; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger ? O ! if I did steadfastly believe, I could not be dejected ; for I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No ; I most willingly forsake this world—this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business, but to rid my soul from sin ; secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests ; with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it. And when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when by his infinite mercy I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose where he is gone, for whom only I grieve I do* fear. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds, when I let myself loose to my complaints ; but I will release you, first fervently asking the continuance of your prayers for

Your infinitely afflicted,

But very faithful servant.

Woburn Abbey, 30 Sept. 1683.

* A word torn off.

VII.

DR. FITZWILLIAM TO LADY RUSSELL.

MADAM,

A FORTNIGHT ago I received a letter from your honour, which, by its date, the 30th of the last, should have been near the same measure of time coming to me; and the reason why I deferred the acknowledgment of it to this minute, was to have gained time to return such an answer to it which should have been accompanied with a little treatise suited to your circumstances: but the want of leisure, occasioned through the destitution of a curate by illness, and the consumption of my time in correcting several copies of a sermon sent me from London with a great many errors of the press, hath hitherto obstructed that design; and I have now no more (because I will defer the cognition of your excellent letter, freighted with divine thoughts, no longer) than will serve me barely to name the heads of those considerations, which, through God's Spirit setting them home upon your heart, may fortify you with patience to support your condition, as sad as you represent it to yourself, and have been pleased to do in pathological expressions to me. And if they shall have any way this operation on you, or dispose you but to that, I shall, upon your intimating so much, clothe these dry bones with flesh and skin, and give them some complexion, and last of all, after your use, to whom I devote them first, if they may be made subservient to that of others in the same or like case, make them public.

Those, or at least some of those, I shall insist upon, you shall find here annexed, with a prayer to be addressed to Christ Jesus, to enable you to imitate the admirable example of patience, charity, &c. he set you. But though this hath been long a coming, and comes maimed and imperfect, I hope it will not be the less acceptable to your ladyship, or at least the less pardonable.

I am, madam, upon the account you suggest, of knowing in what entire friendship you and your lord lived together, most ready to acknowledge your loss of him, as well as your manner of losing him, to be very afflicting; and to allow you cannot have too deep a sense of it, while it proceeds from the value and estimation a wife ought to have for a dear husband; but then I must add, your thoughts may dwell too long upon that disconsolate theme, and so prejudice both your body and your soul, your natural life and your spiritual; for, as the sense is hurt with conversing too long with a vehement object, though it pleaseth the eye, for example, by gazing too much, or too long on light; so may the mind, by a continued meditation on grief, though it is delighted with the contemplation; and the body so macerated, as not only to be made unserviceable to the mind, but to render that so to herself.

This way I am afraid you offend; and then it is, when your thoughts have been saddened to a great degree, by a long fixation on the doleful object, suppose, that they pass into black and dismal ones of questioning God's providence, and a future state, the devil facilitating the passage, which almost seems natural with his suggestions then.

And yet, while he is busy to amuse you with these, God's grace, as you most Christianly observe, powerfully steps in to correct them, by putting you upon humbling yourself for the rising, or his injection of such an impiety, and enables you to concur with that motion, in having a kind of hatred and detestation of yourself for them.

In this sense, God brings good out of evil; and, as I remember, the devout St. Austin, in his Confessions, mentions this as the benefit of sin repented of. He means, that it begets humility; and no doubt but God permits many exalted Christians, in the degrees towards perfection, to fall sometimes into some gross scandalous sin, to abate their more dangerous spiritual pride. I do not charge such imaginations as these, when they enter into your mind, but that yields not its consent to them, as direct downright sins; nor are you, madam, to do so: but, however, you are to lament them as you do, as the unhappy effects of corruption, and endeavour immediately to suppress them, and reject them with disdain.

Towards getting rid of such importunate, troublesome guests, you can take no more successful method than to transfer your thoughts from the sad object which occasionally excited them to others; as first, to the making reflection on the emptiness of the world, when most enjoyed, in one respect, that it yields no satisfaction; and its fruitfulness in another, that it produces briars and thorns without number to scratch and tear the mind. Hereby you will gain another important advantage. Wean yourself from it; and if you are so weaned, you may rather thank God than complain that you have been afflicted, even by the

dispensation which makes you heavy, since taking him out of the world whom you loved most in it, hath quite taken away your affections towards it. But because this contemplation, by accident, may produce impatience, render you weary of continuing in a world of vanity and trouble, and where you want the desire of your eyes; you are, in the next place, as you do likewise practise, to ascend thither with your meditations, where faith alone, and not reason, can mount them: I mean, place them on that happiness above which is perfect, and not to be disturbed by the interposition of ill accidents; eternal, and not to be concluded by time; reserved for you and*

VIII.

DR. BURNET† TO LADY RUSSELL.

I WAS just sitting down to write an answer to your ladyship's former letter when I received your last; so now I have two upon me, and therefore I hope you will be so good as to forgive the length of this,

* The remainder gone.

† After Lord Russell's death, Dr. Burnet was, by Charles the Second's order, discharged from preaching the Thursday lecture at St. Clement's: and from a sermon preached on the 5th of November, on the words—"Save me from the lion's mouth; thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns;" which was thought of dangerous construction, because the lion and unicorn were the two supporters of the king's scutcheon. He was by another order dismissed from being preacher of the Rolls; and having such public marks of jealousy set on him, he thought it convenient to withdraw, and went out of England, 1684.—*Burnet's History*.

since the bearer is sure, I will say many things on which I would not venture by the ordinary conveyance. I must begin with your last. I see I was not mistaken in thinking, I durst venture on saying what occurred to me on a thing which in itself was highly good and charitable, but in such an age might, as I judged, not look so well. I can truly say the vast veneration I have for your ladyship, both upon his account to whom you were so dear, and on your own, which increaseth with every letter I receive from you, makes me impatient if any thing should occur that might be matter of censure. I know you act by noble and worthy principles, and you have so strange a way of expressing yourself, that I sincerely acknowledge my pen is apt to drop out of my hand when I begin to write to you, for I am very sensible I cannot rise up to your strain. I am confident God has not bestowed such talents on you, and taken such pains, both by kind and severe providences, to distinguish you from most other women in the world, but on a design to make you an instrument of much good; and I am very glad you intend to employ so much of your own time in the education of your children, that they shall need no other governess; for, as it is the greatest part of your duty, so it will be a noble entertainment to you, and the best diversion and cure of your wounded and wasted spirits. I long so much to see your ladyship and them about you in this employment, that I hope you will pardon me, if I beg leave to come down and wait on you, when the master of the rolls goes out of town; for, since it was not thought fit that I should go on with the Thursday's lecture, I am master of my own time during the weeks of

the vacation ; and I will esteem that which I hope to pass at Woburn as the best of them.

I will not touch in all this letter your deep and ever green and tender wound. I believe the touching of it in the softest manner gives more pain than all I can say about it can mitigate, and therefore I shall say no more of it, but that it comes in as a large part of my best thoughts, that God would give you such an inward sense of his love, and of the wisdom and kindness of his providence, and of the blessed state to which he has raised that dearest part of yourself, and whither the rest will follow in due time, that all these things may swallow up the bitter sense of the terrible stroke you lie under, and may possess you with those true and solid joys that are the only proper cure for so deep a wound. But I will dwell no longer on so dismal a subject, for I am afraid you dwell too much on it.

Now, the business of the printer* is at an end, and considering how it was managed, it has dwindled to a very small fine, which one may well say was either too much or too little. The true design of the prosecution was to find me in it, and so the printer was tampered with much to name the author.

I have never taken notice to your ladyship of the quick sense I saw you expressed in a letter to Mr. Hoskins on that head ; but I had no sure bearer till Mr. Pordage went down, and it did not then occur to my thoughts. I hope you believe I have all the

* John Darby, the printer, having been convicted of printing a libel, called " Lord Russell's Speech," made his submission this term, Feb. 1683—4, and was fined but 20 marks.—*Salmon's Chron. Hist.*

just and high sense of that concern that becomes me, and would have been very little troubled, though they could have *

2 Feb. 1683—4.

IX.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE received, good doctor, your friendly letter and excellent prayers, indeed, very excellent ones; and although neither could have come too soon, yet I could not wonder they staid so long. The rigour of the season has been extreme as ever was known sure in England, or in these parts of the world; but a little time of patience has carried us through all the inconveniences and hardship of it, yet not without very great and very sharp sufferings to numbers of the poorer sort; the consideration of which is a most fit contemplation for my sad thoughts, whose sufferings of another nature will have a like period; and, by faith and trust in God, a happy one, when I shall for ever (as is my hope my loved lord is now) be enabled to perform the everlasting race of obedience, which here, by reason of those strong impressions things in this life of sense make upon us is much weakened. But I am much encouraged by your allowing that I have a just sense of sorrow, and that you saw not my mourning so much to be condemned as you apprehended they were; it excites me better to struggle for my duty, than, when doing all I can, to think I

* What followed is cut off.

do so ill, that I may have reason to be amazed, and fear a punishment in both states; but my merciful Father truly knows the sharpness of my sorrows and the weakness of my person, not fitted to stand out against such storms: but with his help we can do all things. As to the two points your letter, doctor, insists upon, I will first say for myself, I am very confident I shall ever so take either the reproof, caution, or advice of a friend in such a manner as I shall never lose a friend for acting the part of one to me, who shall make at least this advantage by finding such, that I shall be subject to the fewer deliberate follies; by sudden acts I expect to be guilty of many, left to the trouble and distraction of choice alone, as I must now be. Therefore, good doctor, let me engage you to continue the same way of proceeding; though I may not always comply with what you offer to me, yet that may be best for me, if I could discern it so. Now for the first particular concerning a chaplain, I shall not be untractable. I told you I could not live under my distresses without one: for the delay I touched upon, the distance of time now before I shall be settled, so as to require the use of one, will much take off my former objections; and as to the definition of a prudent person, you and I shall reconcile it to the same thing. I approve with you the Church of England the best church, and best offices and services in it, upon the face of the earth that we know of; but, sir, I shall covet one so moderate, as not to be impatient and passionate against all such as can't think so too: but of such a temper as to be able to converse peaceably with such as may have freedom in my family, though not of it, without giving offence,

and I take it to be the best way of gaining good people to our opinions.

As to your kind offer of assistance, whenever cause for it, I shall ever use a freedom with you, sir; but, in a fit return, remember an old proverb, not to spur a free horse too fast. Sir, your circumstances, and my heavy ones, may most likely render that unfit; but I shall not in appearance be soon in want, seeing my removes next summer will probably be very short. For having an eye upon any particular person, I must approve, and thank you for your kindness in it; but if you have, let it be so; the person may not know it, for this reason, several that had opportunities of seeing me often in my first extremities, urged my doing what you have since done; and to them I answered as I have to you. Now, if they have been mindful of my necessities, and have any person fit to*

Woburn Abbey, 22 Feb. 1683—4.

X.

TO DOCTOR FITZWILLIAM.

'Tis above a fortnight, I believe, good doctor, since I received your comforting letter; and 'tis displeasing to me that I am now but sitting down to tell you so; but it is allotted to persons under my dismal title, and yet more dismal circumstances, to have additional cares, from which I am sure I am not exempt, but am very unfit to discharge well or wisely, especially under the oppressions I feel; however, 'tis my lot,

* Remainder lost.

and a part of my duty remaining to my choicest friend, and those pledges he has left me. That remembrance makes me do my best, and so occasions the putting by such employments as suit better my present temper of mind, as this I am now about; since if, in the multitude of those sorrows that possess my soul, I find any refreshments, though, alas! such as are but momentary, 'tis but casting off some of my crowded thoughts to compassionate friends, such as deny not to weep with those that weep; or in reading such discourses and advices as your letter supplies me with, which I hope you believe I have read more than once; and if I have more days to pass upon this earth, I mean to do so often, since I profess, of all those have been offered me (in which charity has been most abounding to me), none have in all particulars more suited my humour. You deal with me, sir, just as I would be dealt withal; and 'tis possible, I feel the more smart from my raging griefs, because I would not take them off, but upon fit considerations; as 'tis easiest to our natures to have our sore in deep wounds gently handled; yet, as most profitable, I would yield, nay, desire to have mine searched, that, as you religiously design by it, they may not fester. 'Tis possible I grasp at too much of this kind for a spirit so broke by affliction; for I am so jealous, that time, or necessity, the ordinary abater of all violent passions (nay, even employment, or company of such friends as I have left), should do that my reason or religion ought to do, as makes me covet the best advices, and use all methods to obtain such a relief, as I can ever hope for, a silent submission to this severe and terrible providence, without any ineffective

unwillingness to bear what I must suffer; and such a victory over myself, that, when once allayed, immoderate passions may not be apt to break out again upon fresh occasions and accidents, offering to my memory that dear object of my desires which must happen every day, I may say every hour, of the longest life I can live; that so, when I must return into the world, so far as to act that part is incumbent upon me in faithfulness to him I owe as much as can be due to man, it may be with great strength of spirits, and grace to live a stricter life of holiness to my God, who will not always let me cry to him in vain. On him I will wait, till he have pity on me, humbly imploring, that by the mighty aids of his most holy Spirit, he will touch my heart with greater love to himself. Then I shall be what he would have me. But I am unworthy of such a spiritual blessing, who remain so unthankful a creature for those earthly ones I have enjoyed, because I have them no longer. Yet God, who knows our frames, will not expect that when we are weak we should be strong. This is much comfort under my deep dejections, which are surely increased by the subtle malice of that great enemy of souls, taking all advantages upon my present weakened and wasted spirits, assaulting with divers temptations, as, when I have in any measure overcome one kind, I find another in the room, as when I am less afflicted (as I before complained), then I find reflections troubling me, as omissions of some sort or other; that if either greater persuasions had been used, he had gone away; or some errors at the trial amended, or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in

the land of the living: (though I discharge not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrows): so that, not being certain of our time being appointed, beyond which we cannot pass, my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened by unwise management. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such unprofitable thoughts*

XI.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

BELIEVE me, good doctor, I find myself uneasy at reading your short letter of 8th April (which I have but newly received), before I had answered yours of the 11th March. I have several times taken a pen in my hand to do it, and been prevented by dispatching less pleasing dispatches first, and so my time was spent before I came to that I intended before I laid away the pen.

The future part of my life will not, I expect, pass, as perhaps I would just choose; sense has been long enough gratified; indeed, so long, I know not how to live by faith; yet the pleasant stream that fed it near fourteen years together, being gone, I have no sort of refreshment, but when I can repair to that living fountain from whence all flows: while I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen, expecting that day which will settle and compose all my tumultuous thoughts in perpetual peace and quiet; but am undone, irrecoverably so,

* Remainder lost.

as to my temporal longings and concerns. Time runs on and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable with my circumstances, but I cannot experience such an effect, every week making me more and more sensible of the miserable change in my condition; but the same merciful hand which has held me up from sinking in the extremest calamities will (I verily believe) do so still, that I faint not to the end in this sharp conflict, nor add sin to my grievous weight of sorrows, by too high a discontent, which is all I have now to fear. You do, I doubt not, observe I let my pen run too greedily upon this subject: indeed, 'tis very hard upon me to restrain it, especially to such as pity my distress, and would assist towards my relief any way in their power. I am glad I have so expressed myself to you, as to fix you in resolving to continue the course you have begun with me, which is to set before me plainly my duty in all kinds: 'twas my design to engage you to it; nor shall you be less successful with me, in your desires, could there happen occasion for it, which is most unlikely, Doctor Fitzwilliam understanding himself and the world so well. On neither of the points, I believe, I shall give you reason to complain, yet please myself in both, so far of one mind we shall be.

I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place Stratton, for a few days, where I must expect new amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content; considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy: but I must pass no more such days on earth; however, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell that his figure is not present to

me? Nor would I have it otherwise; so I resolve that shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better acquitting any obligation upon me. That which is the immediate one, is settling, and indeed giving up the trust my dear lord had from my best sister*. Fain would I see that performed, as I know he would have done it had he lived. If I find I can do as I desire in it, I will (by God's permission) infallibly go; but indeed not to stay more than two or three weeks, my children remaining here, who shall ever have my diligent attendance; therefore shall hasten back to them.

I do not admit one thought of accepting your kind and religious offer, knowing it is not proper. I take, if I do go, my sister Margaret, and believe Lady Shaftsbury will meet me there. This I choose, as thinking some persons being there to whom I would observe some rules, will engage me to restrain myself, or keep in better bounds my wild and sad thoughts. This is all I can do for myself. But blessed by the good prayers of others for me, they will, I hope, help me forward towards the great end of our creation.

I am, most cordially, good doctor,

Your ever mournful, but

Ever faithful friend to serve you.

I hear my Lord Gainsborough and my lady will be shortly at Chiltern. She is one I do truly respect: I can never regret being near her, though my design is to converse with none but lawyers and accountants.

Woburn Abbey, 20 April, 1684.

* Elizabeth Wriothesley, afterwards Noel.

XII.

DR. FITZWILLIAM TO LADY RUSSELL.

THE consolation I long expected, I found by a letter of yours which came to my hands on the 3d instant; for it relieved me of all my little fears, lest the freedom or confidence I took in debating two points, in which I differed from your honour, might have disaffected you (little I call them, because I had great hopes that your goodness was such as would not be distasted easily by any errors of mine committed through imprudence, which otherwise than with such a mixture would have operated a great deal of trouble and affliction), and cured my solicitousness, that at least if it had not offended you, it was because it had unhappily taken another course than it was directed, and so miscarried clearly on the way. And since you accepted, with so much benignity and candour, my liberty in urging you upon those particulars, I am abundantly satisfied that you see stronger and more cogent reasons to engage your dissent, than those I offered to gain your concurrence with my judgment, or rather opinion in them. And more, I ought to be, if there were room for that more, since you profess your inclinations to make such a temperament as, though it be not a compliance with what I thought might be no imprudent or wrong advice to one in your circumstances, yet will not be an utter rejection of it. But although this be a satisfaction abundantly to content me, yet the pleasure which another part of your letter gave me was of a finer and nobler kind,

or at least transcending it in degree, wherein you gave me more than an intimation, that if I should offend (in doing that which you excite me to do, and tell me it was your primary intention I should) either by not considering your condition or my own, which it is more than probable I may, you will frankly reprove me for any mistake such an inadvertency may make me guilty of. The condescending to take this pains with me, who shall not be incorrigible under your rebukes or instructions, as it is that for which I esteem myself obliged to render your ladyship all real humble thanks, so it will be the chief motive to animate me to proceed as I have begun, and as you desired I should continue.

I do believe most easily (and should without your declaration have guessed), when you come to Stratton, whither business seems rather to summon you, than your own inclinations to carry you, your grief will be apt to renew itself, that the very place where you have so often enjoyed your lord, envying the greater happiness of none while you possessed him, will refresh this image of him (who is so perpetually in your thoughts and memory now) on your imagination then; and the destitution of his real self will, when you reflect that all the fruition you have left of him is merely his figure in your fancy, cause a stronger sense of your loss than you have constantly at Woburn, where he and you were not so much conversant as at Stratton; so too, a sharper fit of grief than you there feel.

But this is that against which you are to oppose your whole self; and as I remember I directed you, you are not to permit your thoughts to dwell on the

object God hath removed from you, nor permit them perpetually to compare your present sad condition with your former pleasing one, in that place; for, if you do, you will not act according to your professions, much less your duty, in striving against immoderate sorrow; but you lay yourself down under it. And you may as reasonably suppose my thoughts can be fixed on a foul object, and I not corrupted, as that yours can be employed on your lord, and the sweet contentment of enjoying him there, and yet not be saddened to a degree of sin.

You are, therefore, madam, to divert your thoughts to another kind of reflection, and consider, not so much what God hath taken from you lately at Stratton, as what he has left you still untouched at Woburn. And that if you grieve too much for the one (for I will not think you repine), you may provoke him to increase the troubled stream with plenteousness of tears, by reseizing into his own hands some parcel of that happiness which he is yet pleased to continue to you in yours there.

Madam, you are to meditate on this, that though you cannot enjoy your lord at Stratton, yet you may, unless it be your own fault, your God there. And you are to labour, from such meditations, to say truly with your heart, How amiable and delightful is this place, where He, who is infinitely more valuable to me than the person he gave me, and hath taken away hence, and in whom that person was or ought only to have been dear to me, and this place grateful; the God of all love, and all beauty and perfection, will choose to cohabit with me as a husband, unless I re-

fuse the condescension ; and to abide with me as a comforter, unless I reject the offer, and obstinately deny to be comforted !

You are to bring yourself by such contemplation to this pitch, as to say most sincerely, what I believe you say constantly ; Thy will be done, my God and Father ! Though I could have been pleased to have enjoyed the harmless delights of this place in fellowship with the man thou gavest me, yet I am fully content, seeing it hath been thy pleasure, always directed with wisdom, and tempered with goodness, to demand him from me, to enjoy thee by communication with thee in my thoughts, and aspirations after thee in my desires. Seeing the one was thy will by thy dispensations to him, and the other was thy will in thy creating and redeeming me, this shall be my will too ; and by this identity of will I will be united to thee, from whose love no tribulation nor distress can separate me ; my own voluntary sins alone can divide me.

I beseech God to give a blessing to these hasty prescriptions (for the carrying away of which to the post the messenger stays) that they may conduce to the doing you that good they are designed for.

I am, abruptly, but yet inviolably, madam,

Your honour's entirely devoted servant.

Cotenham, 7 May, 1684.

XIII.

DR. SIMON PATRICK TO LADY RUSSELL.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LADYSHIP,
I RECEIVED your letter of the 11th instant, and give you my late but most humble thanks, for taking in so good part that poor tender of my duty and service, which in the sincerity of my heart I made to your ladyship; and though I now find that there was no occasion at all for it, yet I cannot be sorry for my mistake, since I enjoy the benefit of it, in reading a letter which is so well stored with devout and heavenly thoughts.

I cannot read without rejoicing, your ladyship's submission to the divine Providence, in resolving all to this, That whatever you find will be best, and any thing you could imagine would have been worse; nor without begging of God, in the words of David, 1 Chron. xxix. 18, to keep this for ever in the imagination of the thoughts of your heart. For, as your ladyship cannot have a more honourable and worthy and just opinion of God, than to believe that all He does is for the best, so neither can you entertain a thought which tends more to your own ease and satisfaction; for it is indeed the very secret of contentment. And sure there cannot be a more reasonable thing in the world, than to think well of what God does, and to allow him, who is the fountain of love and goodness, as well as of wisdom and understanding, to choose better and wiselier for us than we possibly can for ourselves. It is true that some particular providences

look otherwise at the first sight, and we cannot so readily explain, and make out the benefit and advantages of them. The man who, in riding to a port to take shipping, and by a fall from his horse broke his leg, and thereby was stopped from his intended voyage, did not apprehend the mercy of that Providence at first, till he afterwards understood that that very ship was cast away, and all the passengers in it. In like manner we are often puzzled in beholding the frame and structure of this visible world; for many things, which at the first appearance seem to be blemishes in the creation, yet, upon further examination, we find to be so very useful and beneficial, that we are forced to bear testimony to that divine approbation, which once pronounced them to be all very good. And so I doubt not, but by a diligent examination, we may give ourselves a very good account of the ways, as well as of the works of God, and discover such advantages and gracious passages in every affliction, as may force us to acknowledge that we should not have been so well without those afflictions, and that He of very faithfulness has caused us to be troubled. And as such sensible and experimental acknowledgments must needs be acceptable to God, because thereby we honour Him, and speak well of Him of our own knowledge, so, on the other hand, it is impossible for our minds to dislike that, which we cannot but acknowledge to be best for us, even we ourselves being judges. Your ladyship's pious determination not to part with the hope of a future state, if all the glorious offers of this present world were set against it, is according to all the rules of prudence, which even worldly men themselves think fit to practise in

other matters: for who will sell the reversion of a great estate for a present penny? or who, on the other hand, will not disburse his ready money for some very gainful improvement of it hereafter? And yet there is some proportion in these things, for the most gainful improvement is but the same money multiplied over again, and the greatest estate is but a penny so many times told; whereas an eternal happiness, and this transitory world's false joys, hold no proportion.

I intend to read over the same authors which your ladyship names, and if your ladyship pleases to impart some of your thoughts upon any passages in them, I shall value them as misers are wont to do their treasure, who envy sight of it to all the world besides. Your ladyship's discourse upon occasion of my Lady * Bedford's death I understand as an instance of your preparation of mind, and readiness to be dissolved, to be with Christ, which is certainly best for you whenever He pleases. But the continuance of your ladyship's life and health, if God see it good, is so absolutely necessary to the support of your noble family, that I hope they will be prolonged, and for the sake of your children ought not to be shortened, so much as by an otherwise innocent wish. My master's education, particularly, does plainly depend on your ladyship's care of yourself in the first place, and then

* Anne Countess of Bedford, daughter of Robert Earl of Somerset, by Frances, daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, whom he married after she was divorced from the Earl of Essex. Francis Earl of Bedford, gave his son leave and liberty to choose in any family but that: King Charles I. sent the Duke of Lennox to move him to give way to it, and he was prevailed on to consent.—*Biog. Brit.*

of him, for whose health I the more earnestly pray, because, with grief, I lately heard that he was ill, but I hope it is over before this. I beg your ladyship's pardon for this tedious length; and therefore, as to the other parts of your letter, shall only crave leave to say, that your ladyship ought to take comfort in the inward testimony of your sincerity, and not to be discouraged at any weaknesses that may possibly attend it, for that outweighs them all. I humbly beg your ladyship to present my most humble service to my good Lord of Bedford, to whom I should have written upon this occasion, if I had understood that it had been proper for me, and that I should not rather have renewed his grief; and beseech you to accept of my hearty thankfulness for all your goodness towards me, who am,

Your ladyship's most humble, most faithful,
And most obedient servant.

May, 1684.

XIV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE received yours, good doctor, writ on St. Barnabas's day, and must own, that although in those years my unprofitable life has been preserved, in this vain and wicked world, I have been made acquainted with many sad and mortifying events; yet I am too sure that great work of real mortification to the over-much love to, and expectation from creatures, is so very imperfectly wrought in me to this day, that I ever need such instructions, as shall help to wean me

from binding up my life and content in them, though in the best of creatures in their best estate ; and very perverse it is in me towards my heavenly Father, if I do secretly repine at his dispensing to me, that which my corrupt nature makes so necessary for me ; but it must be his free effectual grace that must perfect the work. He has called me to different encounters, and thereby invites me to stir up that grace He has put into my heart, and known to be so, by him, though not by myself, or I should not be so tried ; that Power who permits, if not appoints what I endure, having said, we shall not be tempted above what we are able to bear. He has been pitiful to my small grace, and removed a threatened blow, which must have quickened my sorrows, if not added to them, the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill, and God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion, for I know not how to part, with tolerable ease, from the little creature. I desire to do so of the second, and that my thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh my labouring weary mind with some joy and satisfaction, at least in my endeavours to do that part towards them, their most dear and tender father would not have omitted ; and which, if successful, though early made unfortunate, may conduce to their happiness for the time to come here and hereafter. When I have done this piece of duty to my best friend and them, how gladly would I lie down by that beloved dust I lately went to visit (that is the case that holds

it). It is a satisfaction to me you did not disapprove of what I did in it, as some do that it seems have heard of it, though I never mentioned it to any besides yourself.

Doctor, I had considered, I went not to seek the living among the dead; I knew I should not see him any more wherever I went, and had made a covenant with myself, not to break out in unreasonable fruitless passion, but quicken my contemplation whither the nobler part was fled, to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears any sway, nor can put an end to a happy society; there I would willingly be, but we must not limit our time; I hope to wait without impatience.

As to the information you require, it is not in my power to be punctual. I reckon my first and chief business is my attendance to these children, that is, their persons; and, till I see the boy in full strength, I dare not leave him, though but for one fortnight. I had fixed on the 20th of May, and from that time to this, good Lady Shaftsbury has been in a constant expectation to be summoned to meet me there; but Lady Bedford's death, and then the child, has kept me yet in this place. He has three teeth to cut, and till they be, I am apt to think he will hardly recover full strength: they may do so in a week; it may be not in a month, as the wise folks say. This is the chief of my uncertainty; then indeed I depend on the conveniency (which I suit my journey to) of a gentleman, who has most kindly and helpfully assisted me, by following my business for me, and whom I have engaged (as finding it almost necessary) to my affairs, one Mr. Hoskins; I grew first acquainted with him

at Lord Shaftsbury's, who used to call him cousin; he is a very worthy and ingenious man. Now he uses to drink Tunbridge waters, therefore I have sent to him if he chooses to do so, not to alter his course, for I can defer, as I have done, till he has performed it. So you see my uncertainties, but as soon as I am fixed you shall be sure to know it, as hastily as I can send the notice. Being more certain of the other proposition you offer me concerning a charity, what I will do in it, I answer to it more positively, Yes, I will, sir.

If you hear how Watkins has provided for himself, you will be satisfied I have not been injurious to him at all; I am within a few days made acquainted he goes to Lord Campden. He has given me notice a good while, that at Midsummer I should be provided, but really I did not guess where; he did not want my assistance to recommend him, and it seems Lord Campden was disposed it should be a secret, and so it was to me. I take it not ill from him, because I suppose he is not acquainted with the usual way of respectful proceeding in such cases. I wish, if he means to govern himself in so close a way, that he does no worse in greater matters, for I believe he will be an honest servant.

I have made this letter so long, it is high time to break off, but first I must recommend my wants to your retirements, more than ordinary at the return of that time of year my miserable days had a beginning; which, though I suffer to slide away as easily as I can, yet I mistrust I shall not be able to pass, without reflecting what my dismal employment on them was.

I am, good doctor, with great truth, though great mournfulness,

Your faithful friend and servant.

Woburn Abbey, June, 1684.

Lady Northampton writes me word she is going to Chiltern; it seems they have left Titchfield with my Lady Gainsborough's great good will. She must have great skill to make Chiltern hold them all.

XV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

THE last letter I writ to you, good doctor, was upon the 21st July; and I find yours dated the 25th; so I conclude you had not read mine. If you have not, yours is the kinder, since I find you had entertained a memory of that return of time my sufferings in this sad and dismal year began; and which indeed I could not pass but with some more than usual solemnity; yet I hope I took the best arts I could to convert my anguish into advantages, and force away from my thoughts those terrible representations they would raise (at such time especially) upon me; but I was so large in my discourse then, that it being possible it may have lighted into your hands before this does, I will not be ever repeating either my own sad story, or my own weak behaviour under it; but rather speak to the question you would be answered in, when I design for Stratton, or whether not at all? Truly, I cannot tell you which; since I move but as I am con-

vinced is best in reference to my boy, at present, with the care of his sister, the only worldly business I have in this perishing world*. You hear I am at Totteridge, and why I came thither, and soon will know I wanted the auxiliaries you took care to send me; sure I did so; but it hath pleased the Author of all Mercies to give me some glimpse and ray of his compassions in this dark day of my calamity, the child being exceedingly better; and I trust no secret murmur or discontent at what I have felt, and must still do, shall provoke my God to repeat those threatenings of making yet more bitter that cup I have drank so deeply out of; but as a quiet submission is required under all the various methods of Divine Providence, I trust I shall be so supported, that though unfit thoughts may haunt me, they shall not break in importunately upon me, nor will I break off that bandage time will lay over my wound. To them that seek the Lord, his mercies are renewed every morning: with all my strength to him I will seek; and though he kill me I will trust in him; my hopes are not of this world; I can never more recover pleasure here; but more durable joys I shall obtain, if I persevere to the end of a short life.

I do congratulate your expectations, they being sure well grounded; but I wonder a little you should hesitate whether or no to be hovering thereabouts till the issue is ascertained. If you do not, I hope you will not balk Totteridge if I am here, which I do not intend a day longer than the doctor thinks it best. He is not averse to giving him a taste of Stratton air; but it was only touched upon the last day of his being

* Lady Russell's children were Wriothesley, Rachel, and Catherine.

here; 'tis so much further from the doctor, and the court will so quickly go to Winchester (when I am sure you will not think it fit I should be there), that I think it more likely I shall let it alone. If I go at all, it must be suddenly: when I see the doctor next, I will resolve; and wherever I am, and in all conditions, sincerely continue, good doctor,

Your affectionate friend and servant.

3d August, 1684.

I conclude the good bishop is well, because you say nothing to the contrary. I am glad of it.

XVI.

DR. FITZWILLIAM TO LADY RUSSELL.

RETURNING homewards on the 19th through St. Albans, I apprehended myself to be more happy than I could imagine I should be; i. e. I was entertained for a minute or two with an opinion, that you were passed by to Totteridge, and that you would return thither that afternoon; but it was but like the delusion of a dream, for I soon found the error, which for the pleasure it afforded me in hopes of seeing you there, I could have wished had not been so soon corrected. Missing that contentment, I should have passed on to have found it at Woburn, had not there been almost a necessity of my being at Cotenham the next day, which I thought I could not so easily reach thence.

At my arrival here, I found a letter had been lodged for me, wrote by your ladyship on that day from which you date the beginning of your sorrows, and reckon a

new epocha of a sad miserable life. I agree with you, as you judge according to the sight of your eyes, and consulting nature, that it was so, because it deprived you of the enjoyment of him whom you prized above, and in whose fellowship you tasted a sweet beyond what any sublunary things, or all of them together could yield you. But then if you will estimate that day as a Christian, whose life here is by faith, and who looks for a life of glory, I may venture to say you cannot but esteem it as a happy day, even to yourself: while depriving you of the greatest worldly comfort, it gave the occasion to you of abstracting your heart from the world, whose fashion passeth away; or weaning your affections from things below, and of attracting the one and raising the other to the place where they ought to be; in short, of bringing you nearer towards your God, and uniting you more closely to him (the very contemplation of whom affords transcendently all the delight it was possible for you to relish in a husband), and how much infinitely more will the vision and fruition of him exceed them! This you would have otherwise been without that day's providential dispensation. A sore one indeed, and such as I could wish its sense were to be mitigated in you, by my own sharing in part of your grief; but, may be, no less mild a method was necessary for the work; and there is no doubt but the great Physician of souls saw that so rough a medicine was necessary for the cure of that common infirmity in you, or else he had never given you so bitter a potion to have drank.

I could be large in this argument, having matter more than would swell several letters; but I forbear

using it for its copiousness, and because I reserve it for what I promised, a little treatise for your benefit; could I find leisure to dispose and order it, as it ought to be, into several topics, before it can be fit to be presented to you: and besides it will be more agreeable to your inclinations, as well as my function, that I should pray that God would not only comfort you, but illuminate you, give you that discerning eye, whereby you may see that it hath been good for you even to have been thus severely afflicted, and that he hath been gracious in thus sharply dealing with you.

I understood by this your concurrence, which you signified too before with the request I made for the employment of some part of your charity towards the assisting in the instruction of some poor children in my parish, and your pleasure that I should assign the place where it should be paid. For which, as I return you all thanks, so I shall pray that the dispensing it may be a laying up for yourself a treasure in heaven. And since your honour hath not been pleased to name the sum, I shall be so confident as to determine that it shall not exceed 20s. per quarter, because I know you have many channels to derive that part of your substance you set aside for such ends; and will desire, when you think fit to do any for this particular, you would order the agent you employ to pay it in to Mr. Sim. Miller, bookseller, at the Star, at the West end of St. Paul's church-yard, near Ludgate. I beseech Almighty God, who hath overcast all your earthly content with so black a cloud as you seem to say, to lift up the light of his countenance, and cause his face to shine upon you, and to support you with his everlasting favour, and to bless you here, if it

seem good to his wisdom, by continuing to you the temporal blessings he yet indulgeth you; and thus praying, am,

Madam, your honour's most humbly,
And compassionately devoted servant.

Cotenham, 13th Aug. 1684.

XVII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

AT my return from Totteridge, I did resolve one of my first exercises of this nature should be to you; why it was not so, Mr. Taylor might have told you; I desired he would: 'twas his coming to you: and I judged the entertainment of him would be a better diversion to you, than a letter from me; so I deferred it till his return. Whether the report you had, just at parting from him, of the good Bishop of Winchester's* probably hastening to the end of his race, which, without doubt, he will finish with joy, has called you sooner from your habitation than you meant, I know not: it may make this matter the shorter, but not prevent my best thanks offered for yours of 13th August, and for any thing I remember, the 3d also; but if the last was acknowledged before, I am in no error to do it twice; yours all merit, every one of them, the acknowledgment of my whole life. As they help to slide comfortably away sad hours, so I persuade myself the consequence will be profitable through my

* Morley, Bishop of Winchester, died 1684. A very eminent man, zealous against popery, with a considerable share of learning, and great vivacity of thought.—*Burnet*.

whole life, how long soever the Disposer of all things permits it to last; that it will have an end, every day presents us a convincing argument, by the death of some acquaintance very often, if not a friend: then what the raging war devours is matter of deep meditation, and more amazing than I will discourse of in this paper. But to me death hath come so near as to fetch a portion from my very heart, and by it calls on me to prepare against the second death, from which, by the merits of a great and merciful Redeemer, I hope my best friend is delivered; and having a reasonable ground for this hope, it is unaccountable why I must ever lament what I valued as my own soul, is past all the difficulties of this narrow passage.

I find you have submitted to great mourning for the deprivation of a very dear friend, though you are more a conqueror than I, in the lifting yourself out of such depressions as my weak nature has suffered itself to be plunged into; but we are not all made to be strong alike, and I one of the meanest of God's creatures every way; yet it is his good pleasure I should be singled out in a calamity. All I have to do is to suffer his good and holy will, and I shall be exalted in due time, though not as Job, yet with divine comfort here and joy hereafter. 'Tis so grateful to my afflicted mind to run on thus, where I am free, that I doubt I give you true cause to wish I would use you less like a friend. I am sure I intended nothing like this when I took my pen to write, but in a short letter to acquaint you with what I have not yet touched on—my resolve to try that desolate habitation of mine at London this winter. The doctor agrees it is the best place for my boy, and I have no

argument to balance that, nor could take the resolution to see London till that was urged; but by God's permission I will try how I can endure that place, in thought a place of terror to me: but I know if sorrow had not another root, that will vanish in a few days. Now, doctor, as soon as I had formed, or rather submitted to this advice, which was but just as I left Totteridge (for I hastened hither upon it, that Lord Bedford might have some weeks of comfort in the child before I took him from him), I took into my thought how the chapel should be supplied—so short a warning as I had given myself could never secure my being supplied as I desire; and I considered one of your order is not to be used as other domestics, so that if unhappily I should have entertained one not agreeable to me, it would have been hard to have relieved myself; so I lighted on this expedient:—To invite an old acquaintance of yours to pass this winter with me, and if her husband, Mr. Hanbury, could dispense for some weeks with officiating himself at Botley, I would be willing he should supply my chapel; being at present unprovided: so I give myself this approaching winter to fix. I am sure he is conforming enough, and it will not be difficult to any, if willing, to act that prudent part I formerly hinted, and at which you seemed almost to have some objections against; but I leave that for a discourse. I do not purpose a removal till the end of this month, if the child continues so very well as he is, and the weather be tolerable. My Lord Gainsborough and my lady have invited themselves to great honours from the court. My lady writes me word, the charge seems to fright my lord (at present) against

another year. I admire her conduct to manage all that company at Chiltern. I hear my Lady Digby* is safely laid of a girl; the sex can be no disappointment to them, likely to have so many. I hope they are a very happy couple; then, I believe, she does not regret the opportunity of being made a courtier.

The constant uneasy hurry I was in at Totteridge (which a little matter is cause of to so broken a mind as mine) made me forget to send the money for your poor children as I appointed; and since it is so, unless you order other, I will now delay the doing it till we meet, or I hear you are at London. In all places I am, good doctor, your assured friend to serve you under all my sadness.

1st Oct. 1684.

XVIII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE very lately received one of yours from London, and had one also from Cotenham since I wrote; but I had measured your time to be at London so near, that I would not send a sad dull paper to wander up and down, as some did when you was at Farnham with the good bishop, whose present state you do in such a manner describe, as makes me feel at the reading (though it is not the first time neither), a light-someness I am not used to, and by a kind of reflex-act make it my own in prospect. The consideration of

* Frances, eldest daughter of Edward Noel, Earl of Gainsborough, married to Simon Lord Digby.

the other world is not only a very great, but (in my small judgment) the only support under the greatest of afflictions that can befall us here; the enlivening heat of those glories are sufficient to animate and refresh us in our dark passage through this world; and though I am below the meanest of God's servants that have not in the least degree lived answerable to those opportunities I have had, yet my Mediator is my judge, and he will not despise weak beginnings, though there be more smoke than flame. He will help us in believing; and, though he suffers us to be cast down, will not cast those off who commit their cause to him.

I have, you find, sir, lingered out my time here; and I think none will wonder at it, that will reflect the place I am going to remove to was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life I could sure have laid down mine to have had continued. It was, doctor, an inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But I must remember I have a better friend, a more abiding, whom I desire with an inflamed heart to know, not alone as good in a way of profit, but amiable in a way of excellency; then spiritual joy will grapple with earthly griefs, and so far overcome as to give some tranquillity to a mind so tossed to and fro, as mine has been with the evils of this life; yet I have but the experience of short moments of this desirable temper, and fear to have fewer when I first come to that desolate habitation and place, where so many several passions will assault me; but having so many months mourned

the substance, I think (by God's assistance) the shadows will not sink me. To one so lately arrived at London, and engaged, as I know you to be, I am too tedious for one who desires always to approve herself, good doctor,

Your faithful friend and servant.

Woburn Abbey, 17th Nov. 1684.

XIX.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

You pursue, good doctor, all ways of promoting comfort to my afflicted mind, and will encourage me to think the better of myself, for that better temper of mind you judge you found me in when you so kindly gave me a week of your time in London. You are highly in the right, that as quick a sense as sharpness on the one hand, and tenderness on the other, can cause, I labour under, and shall, I believe, to the end of my life, so eminently unfortunate in the close of it.

But I strive to reflect how large my portion of good things has been; and though they are passed away no more to return, yet I have a pleasant work to do; dress up my soul for my desired change, and fit it for the converse of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect; amongst whom my hope is my loved lord is one; and my often repeated prayer to my God is, that if I have a reasonable ground for that hope, it may give a refreshment to my poor soul.

Do not press yourself, sir, too greatly in seeking my advantage; but when your papers do come, I ex-

pect and hope they will prove such. The accidents of every day tell us of what a tottering clay our bodies are made. Youth nor beauty, greatness nor wealth, can prop it up. If it could, the Lady Ossory had not so early left this world; she died (as an express acquainted her father this morning) on Sunday last, of a flux and miscarrying. I heard also this day of a kinsman that is gone; a few years ago I should have had a more concerned sense for Sir Thomas Vernon*; his unfitness (as I doubt) I do lament indeed.

Thus I treat you, as I am myself, with objects of mortification; but you want none such in your solitude, and I, being unprovided of other, will leave you to your own thoughts, and ever continue,

Sir, your obliged servant.

31st Jan. 1684-5.

My neighbours and tenants are under some distress, being questioned about accounts, and several leaves found torn out of the books; so that Kingdome and

* Sir Thomas Vernon, on the jury against Sir Samuel Barnardiston, knighted for his service in it, and then made foreman to convict Oates of perjury. Sir Samuel Barnardiston, 14th Feb. 1683-4, was fined 10,000*l.* for writing some letters, in which he used these expressions (*inter alia*): "The Lord Howard appears despicable in the eyes of all men—the brave Lord Russell is afresh lamented—It is generally said the Earl of Essex was murdered—the plot is lost here—the Duke of Monmouth said publicly, that he knew my Lord Russell was as loyal a subject as any in England, and that his majesty believed the same now—the printer of the late Lord Russell's speech was passed over with silence—the sham Protestant plot is quite lost and confounded," &c. He was committed for his fine to the King's Bench, continued prisoner four or five years, and great waste and destruction made on his estate.—*Display of Tyranny.*

Trant offered 40,000*l.* for atonement; but having confessed two more were privy to this cutting out leaves, the king will have them discovered. Till Monday they have time given them. You had given Lady Julian one of those books.

XX.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I RECEIVED your letter and papers enclosed, and I desire, good doctor, you would receive my thanks for both, in particular that part concerns my immediate wants; and for the other you would give me the first sight of, and then the office of delivering it to others; which I did faithfully as you directed, and could not but receive an equal approbation. As you are kind in believing what thoughts I had entertained of you, so I assure you you are but just in it. And I wish from my soul I may keep as steadfast to the truth as I believe you intend to do; and as I doubt not that your strength will fail, so pray mine may be as firm under all trials our heavenly Father may permit us to fall, but not sink under, I trust. Man passeth away, but the truth of God endureth for ever. The saddest state to a good soul will one day end in rest. This is my best comfort, and a greater we cannot have; yet the degree is raised, when we consider we shall not only rest, but live in regions of unspeakable bliss. This should lead us sweetly through the dark passage of the world, and suffer us to start at nothing we either meet, or our fears suggest may happen to

us. I am sorry my sister Allington will not dispose herself to receive your compassionate visit. Pray God comfort her with his Spirit working in her heart, that she may evidence to her soul she is bettered by affliction. After the first changes following our great one all is silent; your friends are the rising men; Lord Ormond intends to be at sea by 10th March, but who goes I hear not. It is now in justices' hands, the chancellor and a Lord Granard*. Lord Campden is gone this day to Hampshire. Most are moving about elections. God direct the spirits of all men in so difficult a time as this. My Lord Gainsborough told me to-day he is bespoke to give Lady Mary Compton in marriage to the Lord Dorset, and about ten days hence he goes to Titchfield. His son will be housekeeper, he says, which I was sorry to hear, but I must submit to sorrows of all degrees, with as much of that excellent virtue of patience you recommend, and with so pious a zeal as I can attain, who am,

Doctor, very sincerely,

Your friend and servant.

XXI.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

YOUR conversation, good doctor, is both so instructive and so friendly, that I love to take it all the ways I can, and had before this begun to invite you to such an one as is to be had at this distance; but my own

* James Butler, Duke of Ormond; James Forbes, Earl of Granard.

sad affairs have pressed me more than ordinary since I saw you, in a particular I cannot relate by letter; and I more easily dispense with letters, knowing that when leisure permits you, you are writing for my good and advantage in particular, and perhaps for all that can read in general, if you please to give them opportunity, by making public what you first, I believe, designed for private use. Thoughts so digested, it is pity should be obscure, since the subject matter is the exercise of every day, or should be; life being a continued succession of many provocations to great vexation of spirit, till we have grace to remember who is the great Governor of all things.

My cousin Cholmondely died on Sunday, the last child of a couple I loved and valued much. Thus it pleases God I shall outlive one generation after another; but he has wise ends in all his providences, though hid to us in this life.

The parliament met and chose Sir John Trevor speaker, and so adjourned till Friday; then it is expected the king will speak; in the mean time I will leave you to the enclosed papers, and ever continue, very faithfully, Doctor Fitzwilliam's friend and servant.

20th May, 1685.

Mr. Ireton is escaped out of prison. Several about the city are clapped up, as one Mr. Freak Bateman, a surgeon*; I cannot hit the names of the rest. Mr. Charlton has been asked for at his house, but was not at home.

* Charles Bateman, a surgeon, accused of seditious discourses; but many believed his chief crime consisted in his

XXII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

NEVER shall I, good doctor, I hope, forget your work (as I may term it) of labour and love: so instructive and comfortable do I find it, that at any time, when I have read any of your papers, I feel a heat within me to be repeating my thanks to you anew, which is all I can do towards the discharge of a debt you have engaged me in; and though nobody loves more than I to stand free from engagements I cannot answer, yet I do not wish for it here; I would have it as it is; and although I have the present advantage, you will have the future reward; and if I can truly reap what I know you design me by it, a religious and quiet submission to all providences, I am assured you will esteem to have attained it here in some measure. Never could you more seasonably have fed me with such discourses, and left me with expectations of new repasts, in a more seasonable time than these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But

compassion to Titus Oates, having constantly attended him after his cruel scourgings, and used all his skill to cure his wounds. This man, who did not expect to be accused, grew distracted during his imprisonment, and the court was so well satisfied of it, that his son was permitted to make his defence for him. But this condition did not prevent his being condemned, and he was executed 18th December, 1685.—*Rapin.*

God has a compass in his providences that is out of our reach; and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, doctor, it is the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it: then how could I choose but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done; and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had; yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me, as to think that I have in the least offended thee, O my God! and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus; that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectations of my soul, I may go through honour and dishonour, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a token of his never failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. God has restored me my little girl; the surgeon says she will do well. I should now hasten to give them the advantage of the country air, but am detained by the warning to see my uncle Ruvigny here, who comes to me; so I know not how to quit my house till I have received him, at least into it; he is upon his journey.

My Lady Gainsborough came to this town last night, and I doubt found neither her own daughter nor Lady Jane in a good condition of health. I had

carried a surgeon on the day before to let my niece blood, by Dr. Loure's direction, who could not attend, by reason my Lord Radnor lay in extremity, and he was last night past hopes. My niece's complaint is a neglected cold, and he fears her to be something hectic, but I hope youth will struggle and overcome; they are children whose least concerns touch me to the quick; their mother was a delicious friend: sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindnesses of a husband and a sister than myself, yet how apt am I to be fretful that I must not still do so! but I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it may be to me. I must stop, for if I let my pen run on, I know not where it will end.

I am, good doctor,

With great faithfulness,

Your affectionate friend to serve you.

Southampton House, 17th July, 1685.

XXIII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

You cannot make so great a mistake, good doctor, I know, as not to be assured I accept most kindly every method you take for the disposing my sad heart to be submissively content with my portion here; and then to revive it to some thankful temper by various reflections. I do not resist so foolishly as to say they are not proper ones. I can discern so justly as to know you do not err, doctor, in the manner of magni-

fyng your charitable respect, nor in the design nor prosecution of it; the virtue you chiefly recommend to practice is so beautifully set forth, it is as a burning shining light, and one is willing to live with that light. But my languishing weary spirit rises up slowly to all good; yet I hope, by God's abundant grace, in time, your labours will work the same effect in my spirit; they will indeed in less time on others better disposed and prepared than I am, who in the day of affliction seem to have no remembrance, with due thankfulness, of prosperity. Your papers, sure, sir, are rarely fitted for the use of all struggling under the burden of sin or sorrow, though by a singular and particular charity composed for my lamentable calamity, and as seasonably is this new supply come as is possible, for its first perusal by me. Since I unsealed your packet this very morning, the 21st July, a day of bitterness indeed; I seasoned the first minutes of retirement, I allotted on this day for prayer and mourning, with reading them, and made a stop for some time on those lines—"We may securely depend on the truth of God's promises to this purpose, that a seed time of tears shall be followed by a plentiful harvest of joys." It is a sound I must hereafter be a stranger to in my pilgrimage here, but that it shall one day belong to me is a contemplation of great comfort, and I bless God it is so. I must not in lowliness of mind deny the grace I sometimes feel, though faint are my best thoughts and performances, as I am sensible.

So willing I am to hearken to arguments of consolation, and so convinced that yours are strong, that though the phrase seemed odd I read in your letter,

that you would try to draw comfort to me from the cause of my sorrow, and administer it from the very calamity I feel; yet I did with much eagerness read on, and must acquiesce in much of it with you. You imagine that these late confusions have afforded matter of tumultuous devouring thoughts, and though not so well digested as they are in your letter, yet every clause in it I have tossed up and down.

And now, doctor, I take this late wild attempt* to be a new project, not depending on, or being linked in the least to any former design, if there was then any real one, which I am satisfied was no more than (my own lord confessed) talk. And it is possible that talk going so far as to consider, if a remedy to sup-

* Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. He was son to King Charles II. by Lucy Barlow, alias Walters. In his declaration against King James II., among other things, he accuses him of the barbarous murder of Arthur Earl of Essex in the Tower, and of several others to conceal it; of the most unjust condemnation of William Lord Russell and Colonel Algernon Sidney, being only accused for meeting, in discharge of their duty to God and their country, to consult of extraordinary yet lawful means, to rescue our religion and liberties from the hands of violence, when all ordinary means according to the laws were denied and obstructed.—Concluding, “And we do appeal unto the great God concerning the justice of our cause, and implore his aid and assistance, that he would enable us to go forth in his name, and to do valiantly against his and our enemies; for he it is that knows we have not chosen to engage in arms for private and corrupt ends or designs, but out of a deep sense of our duty. We therefore commit our cause unto him, who is the Lord of hosts and the God of battles.” He was taken, tried, and on the 15th July, 1685, beheaded.—*Ralph*. His children were named Scott, he having married Lady Ann Scott, daughter of Francis Earl of Buccleugh.

posed evils might be sought, how it could be found? but, as I was saying, if all this late attempt was entirely new, yet the suspicion my lord must have lain under would have been great; and some other circumstances I do confess must have made his part a hard one: so that, from the deceitfulness of the heart, or want of true sight in the directive faculty, what would have followed God only knows. From the frailty of the will, I should have feared but little evil; for he had so just a soul, so firm, so good, he could not warp from such principles that were so, unless misguided by his understanding, and that his own, not another's; for I dare say, as he could discern, he never went into any thing considerable, upon the mere submission to any one's particular judgment. Now his own, I know, he could never have framed to have thought well of the late actings, and therefore most probably must have sat loose from them. But I am afraid his excellent heart, had he lived, would have been often pierced from the time his life was taken away to this. On the other hand, having, I trust, a reasonable ground of hope, he has found those mercies he died with a cheerful persuasion he should, there is no reason to mourn my loss, when that soul I loved so well lives in felicities, and shall do so to all eternity. This I know in reason should be my cure; but flesh and blood in this mixed state is such a slave to sense, the memory how I have lived, and how (as I think) I must ever do for the time to come, does so prevail and weaken my most Christian resolves, that I cannot act the part that mere philosophy (as you set down many instances) enabled many to an appearance of easiness; for I verily believe they

had no more than me, but vainly affected it. As I began the day with your letter and the sheets of discourse both enclosed in one paper, so I conclude it with some prayers you formerly assisted me with. Thus, doctor, you see you have a special right to those prayers you are pleased I should present for the same effect on your spirit, if a portion of suffering should be your lot, as you now wish on mine; which, after my poor fashion, I will not be wanting in, that am,

Sir, your obliged faithful friend and servant.

Southampton House, 21 July, 1685.

XXIV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Now I know where to find you, good doctor (which I do by your letter writ at my cousin Spencer's), you must be sure to hear from her who is still not ashamed to be on the receiving hand with you. God has given you the abilities and opportunity for it, and not to me; and what am I, that I should say, Why is it not otherwise?—No, I do not, nor do I grudge or envy you the pious and ingenious pleasure you have in it; my part in this world is of another nature, and I thank you, sir (but God must give you the recompense), you instruct me admirably how to overcome, that I may once make application of the text, Rev. iii. 12, and raise such hopes as cannot miscarry. The great thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart to the good pleasure of God, who will prove us by the ways and

dispensations he sees best, and when he will break us to pieces we must be broken. Who can tell his works from the beginning to the end? But who can praise his mercies more than wretched I, that he has not cut me off in anger, who have taken his chastisements so heavily, not weighing his mercies in the midst of judgments! The stroke was of the fiercest sure; but had I not then a reasonable ground to hope, that what I loved as I did my own soul was raised from a prison to a throne? Was I not enabled to shut up my own sorrows, that I increased not his sufferings by seeing mine? How were my sinking spirits supported by the early compassions of excellent and wise Christians, without ceasing, admonishing me of my duty, instructing, reproving, comforting me! You know, doctor, I was not destitute; and I must acknowledge that many others, like yourself, with devout zeal and great charity, contributed to the gathering together my scattered spirits, and then subjecting them by reason to such a submission as I could obtain under so astonishing a calamity: and further, he has spared me hitherto the children of so excellent a friend, giving them hopeful understandings, and yet very tractable and sweet dispositions; spared my life in usefulness I trust to them; and seeing I am to linger in a world I can no more delight in, has given me a freedom from bodily pain to a degree I almost never knew, not so much as a strong fit of the headach have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it very frequently. This calls for praises my dead heart is not exercised in, but I hope this is my infirmity; I bewail it. He that took our nature, and felt our infirmities, knows the

weakness of my person, and the sharpness of my sorrows.

I should not forget to mention, sir, I did receive your papers and a letter I never had the opportunity to tell you of, dated 13 August; and another letter after that, where you write of your being in London within a fortnight; so that time slipping, I know not where to find you, nor how I came to let time do so.

I know not if you have heard some unwished-for accidents in my family have hurried me into new disorders. A young lady my uncle Ruvigny brought with him falling ill of the small-pox, I first removed my children to Bedford House, then followed myself, for the quieting of my good uncle's mind, who would have it so; from thence I brought my little tribe down to Woburn, and when I heard how fatal the end was of the young lady's distemper, I returned myself to Bedford House to take my last leave (for so I take it to be) of as kind a relation, and as zealous tender a friend as ever any body had. To my uncle and aunt their niece was an inexpressible loss, but to herself death was the contrary. She died (as most do) as she lived, a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak, her faith and hope grew strong; comforting her comforters, and edifying all about her; ever magnifying the goodness of God, that she died in a country where she could in peace give up her soul to him that made it. What a glorious thing, doctor, it is to live and die as sure as she did! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in her piety or worldly prudence;

yet she had been roughly attacked, as the French Gazettes will tell you, if you have leisure to look over them now they are so many; however I keep them together, and so send them to you, who shall ever be gratified in what you ask from me, as a recompense of all your labours: it is a poor one, indeed, the weak unworthy prayers of

Your very much obliged servant.

Woburn Abbey, 11 Oct. 1685.

You say I may direct as I will about those papers now in my custody. I freely give my judgment, it is great pity they should be hid like a candle under a bushel; as they are piously designed, they will carry the more effectual blessing with them into the hearts of such in whose hands they fall; and as I believe it is an excellent discourse, why should it not serve to excellent purposes? I could say more of my opinion concerning them, but truly methinks it is taking too much upon me; my modesty interposes.

XXV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience, to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments: doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for; not for the worthiness

of them, I know it cannot be, but however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say some things sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned, or rather tainted with being so much where compliment of praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often, what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not naught towards me, whom it animates to have a true not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertaineth it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of providences with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow, and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs. I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him; all relish now is gone, I bless God for it, and pray and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so), also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart

upon the ever satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see. In the mean time, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the Gospel, "I believe, help thou my unbelief."

If any thing I say suggest to you matter for a pious reflection, I have not hurt you, but ease myself, by letting loose some of my crowded thoughts. I must not finish without telling you, I have not the book you mention of "Seraphical Meditations of the Bishop of Bath and Wells*," and should willingly see one here, since you design the present. I have sent you the last sheet of your papers, as the surest course; you can return it with the book. You would, sir, have been welcome to Lord Bedford, who expresses himself hugely obliged to the Bishop of Ely† your friend; to whom you justly give the title of good, if the character he has very generally belongs to him. And who is good is happy; for he is only truly miserable or wretchedly so, that has no joy here, nor hopes for any hereafter. I believe it may be near Christmas before my Lord Bedford removes for the winter, but I have not yet discoursed him about it, nor how long he desires our company; so whether I will come before him, or make one company, I know

* Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells, of an ascetic course of life, and yet of a very lively temper.

† Turner, Bishop of Ely, sincere and good natured, of too quick imagination, and too defective a judgment.—*Burnet*.

not; he shall please himself, for I have no will in these matters, nor can like one thing or way better than another, if the use and conveniences be alike to the young creatures, whose service is all the business I have in this world; and for their good I intend all diligence in the power of,

Sir, your obliged friend to serve you.

Woburn Abbey, 27 Nov. 1685.

I am mightily in arrear; pray let me know what, and if I shall direct the paying it, or stay till I see you.

XXVI.

DR. FITZWILLIAM TO LADY RUSSELL.

IN my opinion it is a long time that I have interrupted that commerce with which you have been pleased to honour me on your part, by my omitting to make the due acknowledgments I ought for the packet of foreign letters, and your own letter, more valuable than all the intelligence they contained; though that was, and must be esteemed of great worth to all who have the least honour for the Christian name, and ought to be prized and rated yet higher by me, who do not wear that name only, but have an extraordinary character from him by whose name we are called; since it was composed of the successes of the Christian arms against the infidels and enemies of our faith*. And

* The battle of Gran, 16 Aug. when the Duke of Lorrain and the elector of Bavaria beat the Turks, and soon after took Newhausel, &c.

therefore I the greedier snatch at this opportunity, the first (except that of Thursday's post, of which too the intervention of company deprived me) which I have had through some employment on my hands these two weeks last, to renew it again.

I am glad to find by the vigour with which that was wrote, and the constancy of mind you took your leave of your most tender uncle, and bid a final adieu to him, that you have less need of the cordials of my prescribing to fortify you than formerly. I hope the considerations I have offered, assisted with God's grace to impress them on your heart, will have that operation on you, that you will be able entirely to resign and sacrifice your own will, desires, and all that you have, to his wise disposal; and can be content he should govern the world without you, and you, as a part of the great one, according to his own good pleasure.

To this end you must labour to mortify all those regrets you have upon reflecting on your past condition, and comparing it with your present. The comparing them in your mind may not be useful to you, because apt to create disturbance; but, however the judgment you pronounce upon such a review may be erroneous, you may be more happy now than you were when you thought yourself most so, and in a fairer and more probable way to attain to that happiness, which is not to be lost but by your own fault and neglect, nor ravished from you by the injury or violence of another. But, if your active mind is for vying things with things, I would direct your honour to look, as I know you do, with eyes of compassion on the afflicted state of those poor people in the neigh-

bouring country, where the husband is divided from his tender wife, the parents from their dear children, and are neither permitted to live, nor yet allowed the favour to die; and then to turn your eyes upon yourself, enjoying, as you confess, your own health and strength in a greater measure than formerly, hopeful children, an affluence of temporal things, and numbers of friends, it may be more than the darlings and favourites of Providence, as it is here dispensed, do; and then recollect with yourself, and try if you can truly and safely pronounce of yourself, that you are miserable.

And if you cannot truly form such a judgment, I know your ladyship will be so sincere and generous as not to complain you are so to your friends, or bemoan yourself with yourself as such. I will not enlarge upon this topic as I might; for in good earnest no person is miserable but comparatively, and almost every man in some respect or other comparatively happy: but shall reserve what can be more said, though it may not be upon this argument, to be handled in the pursuance of that discourse, of which you have already the bigger part in your hands.—What remains I will endeavour to finish as fast as my little affairs here will give me leave; and I hope I shall be able to transmit some more papers relating to it within three or four more posts.

In the interval, and in all times, and in all events, I resolve to continue,

Madam, your honour's most obedient,

And devoted humble servant.

From Mr. Tufton's, St. James's, 27 Nov. 1685.

XXVII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

THOUGH I never think the returns come too thick, by which I have the advantage of conversing with Doctor Fitzwilliam, yet I am not captious in the matter, and would always have these favours suit your leisure, sir, which in so busy a life cannot always be regular.

I had not stayed supplying you with new French papers, but that I was doubtful how the last got to you; I hasten these whilst you are in London, for now your engagements lie in so many places, one knows not where to find you; but still it is in employments of the noblest sort, doing the work of God; and man being a sociable creature, and of such a composition, that the mind must be acting, how happy is it when all this is done conformable to duty, and serving to the best ends, the salvation of men's souls. It is having chosen the better part, and carries with it (I make no doubt) peacefulness of mind which excels the strongest delights of earthly enjoyments, where that is shut out, or rather not so fully enjoyed; for if we weigh temporals against spirituals, how light would that scale be to the smallest grain of spiritual comfort, though it were heaped with all the glories, fame, and wealth, the most carnal heart can wish for! The one satisfies the immortal part of a man; the other satisfies the depraved appetite. As buried as I am in earth myself, and ever mourning the loss of an earthly felicity, which if through weakness it exceeds I do bewail; yet I reckon the sufferings for the name of

Christ (if to have that honour be my lot) and the obtaining a title to an eternal inheritance in the place described, Revel. ch. xxi. and xxii. to be infinitely above our sufferings in these houses of clay; what I grieve the want of was such a one when here, but now glorified with the spirits of just men made perfect.

Doctor, I will take your advice, and vie my state with others, and begin with him in the highest prosperity, as himself thinks, the king of a miserable people; but truly the most miserable himself, by debasing, as he does, the dignity of human nature; and though, for secret ends of Providence, he is suffered to make those poor creatures drink deep of a most bitter cup, yet the dregs are surely reserved for himself. What a judgment is it upon an aspiring mind, when perhaps half the world knows not God nor confesses the name of Christ as a Saviour, nor the beauty of virtue, which almost all the world has in derision, that it should not excite him to a reformation of faith and manners; but with such a rage turn his power to extirpate a people that own the Gospel for their law and rule! How infamous to his fame is the one! How glorious to his memory would the other have been! But he is too wicked to be an instrument of so much good to his degenerate age. Now, sir, I cannot choose but think myself less miserable than this poor king. For the vast numbers of sufferers*, the sound thereof is

* The edict of Nantes, made 1598, in favour of the Protestants in France, and confirmed 1622, was unjustly revoked 22 Oct. 1685, and the Hugonots cruelly persecuted. The liberties of the Protestants in France were founded upon solemn laws, upon perpetual, irrevocable, and sacred edicts, and which

more terrible to those at a distance than the calamity of a single person; but taken asunder, the sufferings of any one, and those I have and do feel, are not perhaps at so wide a distance as it appears, theirs being heaped together; but as you very well note, there is no state to be pronounced extremely miserable, but a state of sin, which will deprive us of a future state of glory, without a deep repentance, which I wish to all sinners. I hear our king has given leave for collection for those Protestants which have been drove hither. God make his people thankful for it.

My Lord Gainsborough and all that family, sent in here as they went by to Dunstable, last week.

I know you will use your power, and I wish you could prevail with my nephew to settle himself in a family of his own. I trust God will be gracious to

could not be recalled without violating at once the public faith, the royal word, and sacredness of an oath. "How often did our king, Louis XIV. promise us to preserve us in our privileges? How many declarations, how many edicts did he set out to that purpose? How many oaths were taken to confirm those edicts? Did not this very king himself solemnly promise, by several edicts and declarations, to maintain us in all the liberties which were granted us by the edict of Nantes? And yet after all, what scruple was there made to violate so many laws, so many promises, and so many oaths?"—"*Letter from French Refugees in Germany, 1687, on King James II. Declaration.*" Burnet says, "We see what feeble things edicts, coronation oaths, laws and promises repeated over and over again, proved to be where the Romish religion prevails; the great Louis gave his Protestant subjects assurances of his observing still the edict of Nantes, even after he had resolved to break it; and a promise in the edict that repealed it, that no violence should be used to any for their religion, in the very time that he was ordering all possible violences to be put in execution against them."

the child of so good a mother, and incline him to what shall be in the end best for him.

Though I am in the country, I should call to memory you are in London. I do so, and therefore close this from,

Sir, your obliged

And affectionate servant.

Woburn Abbey, Nov. 1685.

The papers are swelled to a great bigness, but if you care for them in London, I will direct them weekly, though I may not happen to write; for sometimes indeed I have occasion to do so too much, for so heavy a mind as mine is. It is my present case this morning.

XXVIII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

WHEN I tell you, doctor, this is the seventh letter dispatched for this morning, any one of which could not be omitted, and that I have still before noon French dispatches to make, you will not, though I write but a few lines, believe I willingly decline the writing more. Letters of compliment I would lay aside for it, I assure you, if I had more time. Yes, doctor, the liberty I take when I write to you, gratifies much more my weary mind, than the matter one fills up paper with to others; yet something of that sort must be, while we drag on here, especially when one has more than one's own miserable carcass to have a

regard for, which while my children are, I have, and with a diligent concern will I wrestle to support them, and make them great, or worthy to be so, who have been so early (by a special providence) unfortunate. But who knows, says Solomon, what is good for man in his life; all the days of his vain life? Yet there is an inseparable connexion between God's wisdom and his will; so his work is perfect, for all his ways are judgment; and this is a necessary reflection at the astonishing changes of this age. If I look upon your letter, doctor, I shall never end, but begin anew upon one part or other of it. Indeed that figure only of a man, if one speaks of him, engages to say a great deal: but I refrain.

I read a letter last night from my sister at Paris. She writes as every body that has humane affections must; and says that of 1,800,000 there is not more than 10,000 esteemed to be left in France, and they, I guess, will soon be converted by the dragoons, or perish. So that near two millions of poor souls, made of the same clay as himself, have felt the rigour of that savage man. What you utter in a prophetic rage, I agree will come to pass. I have had reports of my nephew, but I will not proceed; yet I show you how hard it is not to do so, by

Your very affectionate friend to serve you.

Woburn Abbey, Nov. 1685.

XXIX.

DR. TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

(Birch's Life of Tillotson.)

Canterbury, Nov. 21, 1685.

HONOURED MADAM,

WHEN I look back upon the date of your ladyship's letter, I blush to see it hath lain by me so long unanswered. And yet I assure you no day passeth in which your ladyship and your children are not in my mind. But I know not how, in the hurry I am in in London, one business presseth so hard upon another, that I have less time for the things to which I have most inclination. I am now for a while got out of the torment and noise of that great city, and do enjoy a little more repose.

It was a great trouble to me to hear of the sad loss your dear friend sustained during his short stay in England*. But, in some circumstances, to die is to live. And that voice from heaven runs much in my mind, which St. John heard in his vision of the last (as I think) and most extreme persecution, which should befall the faithful servants of God, before the final downfall of Babylon, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth;" meaning, that they were happy, who were taken away before that terrible and utmost trial of the faith and patience of the saints. But however that be, I do greatly rejoice in the pre-

* The death of her cousin, niece of Mons. Ruvigny, mentioned in the letter of 11th Oct. to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

servation of your children from the great danger they were in upon that occasion, and thank God heartily for it, because whatever becomes of us, I hope they may live to see better things.

Just now came the news of the prorogation of the parliament to the 10th of February, which was surprising to us. We are not without hopes, that in the mean time things will be disposed to a better agreement against the next meeting. But when all is done, our greatest comfort must be, that we are all in the hands of God, and that he hath the care of us. And do not think, madam, that he loves you the less for having put so bitter a cup into your hand. He whom he loved infinitely best of all mankind, drank much deeper of it.

I did hope to have waited upon my Lord of Bedford at my return to London; but now I doubt this prorogation will carry me into the country before that time. I entreat you to present my most humble service to his lordship, to dear little master, and the young ladies. I am not worthy the consideration you are pleased to have of me; but I pray continually for you all, and ever shall be, madam,

Your ladyship's most faithful

And humble servant.

XXX.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I PRESUME, doctor, you are now so settled in your retirement (for such it is in comparison of that you can obtain at London), that you are at leisure to peruse

the enclosed papers ; hereafter I will send them once a week, or oftener if you desire it.

Yesterday the Lord Delamere passed his trial, and was acquitted*. I do bless God that he has caused some stop to the effusion of blood that has been shed of late in this poor land. But, doctor, as diseased bodies turn the best nourishments, and even cordials, into the same sour humour that consumes and eats them up, just so do I. When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness ; but every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not like theirs ; but I certainly took too much delight in my lot, and would too willingly have built my tabernacle here ; for which I hope my punishment will end with life.

The accounts from France are more and more astonishing ; the perfecting the work is vigorously pursued, and by this time completed it is thought ; all without exception, having a day given them ; only these I am going to mention have found so much grace as I will tell you. The Countess du Roy* is

* Henry Booth, Lord Delamere, tried for partaking in Monmouth's rebellion. Finch, solicitor general, was very violent against him, but Saxon, the only positive evidence, appearing perjured, he was acquitted by his peers. He afterwards strenuously promoted the Revolution ; in 1690, was created Earl of Warrington, and died 1693.

† Countess du Roy, wife of Frederic Charles du Roy, knight

permitted, with two daughters, to go within fourteen days to her husband, who is in Denmark, in that king's service; but five other of her children are put into monasteries. Mareschal Schomberg* and his wife are commanded to be prisoners in their house, in some remote part of France appointed them. My uncle and his wife are permitted to come out of France. This I was told for a truth last night, but I hope it needs a confirmation.

It is enough to sink the strongest heart to read the relations which are sent over; how the children are torn from their mothers, and sent into monasteries; their mothers to another; the husband to prison, or the galleys. These are amazing providences, doctor! God out of infinite mercy strengthen weak believers. I am too melancholy an intelligencer to be very long, so will hasten to conclude, first telling you Lord Tal-

of the elephant, and generalissimo to the King of Denmark; his daughter, Henrietta, was the second wife of William Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.

* Frederic de Schomberg, Marshal of France, was created by King William, Duke Schomberg, &c. 1689; killed at the battle of the Boyne, 1 July, 1690. He was son of Count Schomberg, by Lord Dudley's daughter. The count was killed, with several sons, at the battle of Prague, 1620. The duke was a man of great calmness, application, and conduct; of true judgment, exact probity, and an humble, obliging temper. The persecution of the Protestants induced him to leave France and enter into King William's service. He was 82 years old at his death.—*Rapin*. His death, says *Ralph*, was indeed an irreparable loss. The historian says, we cannot do too much honour to his memory, which will make a considerable figure in history, whilst the world lasts. His son Charles was mortally wounded at the battle of Marsiglia, 24 Sept. 1693.

bot* is come out of Ireland, and brought husbands for his daughters-in-law; one was married on Tuesday to a Lord Rosse; the other lord is Dungan; Walgrave, that married the king's daughter, is made a lord†. The brief for the poor Protestants was not sealed on Wednesday, as was hoped it would be; the chancellor bid it to be laid by, when it was offered him to seal.

I am very really, doctor,
Your affectionate friend and servant.

15 Jan. 1685-6.

XXXI.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE received and read your letters, good doctor. As you never fail of performing a just part to your friend, so it were pity you should not consider enough to act the same to yourself. I think you do; and all you say that concerns your private affairs is justly and wisely weighed; so I let that rest. I acknowledge the same of the distinct paper which touches more nearly my sore; perhaps I ought to do it with some shame and confusion of face, and perhaps I do so, doctor; but my weakness is invincible, which makes me, as you phrase it excellently, possess past calami-

* Lord Richard Talbot, afterwards Earl of Tyrconnel, a papist.

† Henry Lord Waldegrave, of Chewton, married the Lady Henrietta Fitz-James, natural daughter to King James II. by Arabella Churchill, sister to John Duke of Marlborough; he retired to France in 1689, and died at Paris the same year.

ties. But he who took upon him our nature felt our infirmities, and does pity us; and I shall receive of his fulness at the end of days, which I will silently wait for.

If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighbourhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us. About one o'clock in the night I heard a great noise in the square, so little ordinary, I called up a servant, and sent her down to learn the occasion. She brought up a very sad one, that Montague House was on fire; and it was so indeed: it burnt with so great violence, the whole house was consumed by five o'clock. The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames continually covering the house, and filling the court. My boy awaked, and said he was almost stifled with smoke, but being told the reason, would see it, and so was satisfied without fear; took a strange bedfellow very willingly, Lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapped up in a blanket. Lady Devonshire* came towards morning and lay here, and had done so still, but for a second ill accident. Her brother, Lord Arran†, who has been ill of a fever twelve days, was despaired of yesterday morning, and spots appeared; so she resolved to see him, and not to return hither, but to Somerset House, where the queen offered her lodgings. He is said to be dead, and I hear this morning it is a great blow to the family; and that

* Mary, daughter to James Butler, Duke of Ormond, married to William Cavendish, earl, afterwards Duke of Devonshire.

† He died Jan. 26, 1685-6.

he was a most dutiful son and kind friend to all his family.

Thus we see what a day brings forth! and how momentary the things we set our hearts upon! O! I could heartily cry out, When will longed-for eternity come? But our duty is to possess our souls with patience.

I am unwilling to shake off all hopes about the brief, though I know them that went to the chancellor* since the refusal to seal it, and his answer does not encourage one's hopes. But he is not a lover of smooth language; so in that respect we may not so soon despair†.

I fancy I saw the young man you mentioned to be about my son. One brought me six prayer books as from you; also distributed three or four in the house. I sent for him, and asked him if there was no mistake? He said, No; and after some other questions, I concluded him the same person. Doctor, I do assure you I put an entire trust in your sincerity to advise; but, as I told you, I shall ever take Lord Bedford along in all the concerns of the child. He thinks it early yet to put him to learn in earnest; so

* George Lord Jefferies, Baron of Wem, very inveterate against Lord Russell. He was, says *Burnet*, scandalously vicious, drunk every day, and furiously passionate; and when lord chief justice, he even betrayed the decencies of his post, by not affecting to appear impartial, as became a judge, and by running upon all occasions into noisy declamations. He died in the Tower, April 18, 1689.

† Doctor, afterwards Bishop Beveridge, objected to the reading the brief in the cathedral of Canterbury, as contrary to the Rubric. Tillotson replied, "Doctor, doctor, charity is above rubrics."—*Birch*.

do you, I believe. My lord is afraid, if we take one for it, he will put him to it; yet I think perhaps to overcome my lord in that, and assure him, he shall not be pressed. But I am much advised, and indeed inclined, if I could be fitted to my mind, to take a Frenchman; so I shall do a charity, and profit the child also, who should learn French. Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows.

I have still a charge with me, Lady Devonshire's daughter, who is just come into my chamber; so must break off.

I am, sir, truly,

Your faithful servant.

22 January, 1685-6.

The young lady tells me Lord Arran is not dead, but rather better.

XXXII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I INTENDED you, good doctor, a letter before I left Windsor, but I question if it succeeded, for the day I sent it to the coach, that was newly gone; and the next you was gone, I believe. However, the French papers were the greatest loss, so it is pretty indifferent how it fell out; if a like fate befalls this, it will be of a like consequence, setting aside the information I write this on purpose to give you, which is—I have just dated my letter to my Lady Digby, of Coleshall, writ in answer to hers, by which she desires me, in pursuance of a dying brother's advice, and her son's

inclination, to propose to Lord Gainsborough a marriage between the present lord* and Lady Jane. I have done it, though I wished she had made choice of any other person than myself, who desiring to know the world no more, am utterly unfitted for the management of any thing in it; but must, as I can, engage in such necessary offices to my children, as I cannot be dispensed from, nor desire to be, since it is an eternal obligation upon me, to the memory of a husband, to whom, and his, I have dedicated the few and sad remainder of my days, in this vale of misery and trouble. But to suspend this and hasten my report, the proposition is accepted; my lord declares himself willing to do all he can for his children; he offers 8000*l.* paid as with the last, and leaves out the 2000*l.* coming back if Lord Campden should happen to die. I believe Lord Digby and his mother will be soon in town. My sister Alington came to Bedford House three or four days ago. Lord Northampton's great match is crossed; and now the Lord Mulgrave† is

* William Lord Digby, deservedly called *the Good*.—Whiston speaks highly of him; Pope mentions him as full of days and honour. He married Jane, second daughter to Edward Earl of Gainsborough, and died November, 1752, aged ninety years, nine months.

† Lord Mulgrave, John Sheffield, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, a person of the highest accomplishments, but of a sceptical turn. He married, 1st, Ursula, widow of the Earl of Conway; 2d, Catharine Grevile, widow of Baptist Earl of Gainsborough; 3d, the Lady Catharine Darnley (natural daughter to King James II. by Catharine Sedley), who was the widow of James Annesley, Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was separated by act of parliament, for his cruel and causeless ill usage.

an attendant on her person; he went down in great equipage a week past. Lord Northampton challenged Seymour, but he does not use to fight, so that matter rests. I expect my old uncle Ruvigny and his family in two or three days. Doctor, I must not choose my entertainments, so can continue this no longer, but ever continue

Your faithful friend and servant.

15 February, 1685-6.

XXXIII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

WITH my best respects, good doctor, I send you the Gazettes. I take the town to be very barren of news, but I was out of it yesterday at Greenwich to see my old uncle Ruvigny, so know the less. It is concluded the princess is with child. The Duke of Berwick is ill of the smallpox, and likely to be very ill with them: it will be the fluxpox, the doctors say. The intercourses between England and Holland do not look calm, nor give content. Mr. Talmidg* has a regiment there, and a privy seal from hence, but I think, he will not feel the seizure can be made, so he will stand by his regiment. We talk of a parliament just as men feel agues, once in so many days. Now it is to be in May; it is thought that will wear off. The Earl of Bolingbroke is dead; he died in a boat, as he lived.

Lady Gainsborough sends me word her lord mends

* Probably Henry Talmash, afterwards a general.

still. Lady Campden's woman is in town to furnish lying-in things; I had the favour to have her come, and give me a compliment on her lady's part. I am glad when they remember to do civil things for their own sakes; but I a little wonder he has not been to see his father. My sister Alington is coming to town presently.

I have told my news, and now must yield to a less liked employment, being called upon to a little business.

Your obliged friend and servant.

23 March, 1685-6.

XXXIV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

YOUR letter lies before me, doctor, but I dare not read it over, it would furnish me with so much to say, and I must not take time to do it; the lowness of my spirits, and the sadness of my constant thoughts, make me fancy myself hurried with some of my own pitiful affairs, and the entertaining my sister, who came to me this day se'nnight.

The present temper of your mind appears so suitable to what mine ever must remain, that I could talk and not fear to give new oppressions to your mind so tendered with the loss of an excellent friend, and man. You carefully and religiously prescribe yourself limits and bounds to your lamentations; but I would willingly observe if you exceed them not; so

natural it is to spy out the faults and infirmities of others, as if we had reason to think the better of ourselves for the charging others. But I will not run on; leave you to the French prints. As to English news, I have none would serve the purpose I would have it, which is, to divert your thoughts so touchingly fixed upon mortifying objects, but I hear of no other.

The disposers of the brief-money met the first time yesterday; I am told the chancellor carried it in a manner he sent away many with sad hearts, he concluded so strictly on the qualifications of such as were to partake of the charity; I think he would admit none to receive of it that did not take the sacrament from his own chaplain. I doubt not you will be better informed than I can do it.

The reports from France are still the worst that can be. Duke de la Force is thrust into a convent, to be vexed till he will change. At home I fear no amicable composition of the disaster between Lord D*** and my sister. My mean endeavours must not be wanting, and that indeed employs my time and thoughts, there being few days to determine that matter in, the term beginning so soon. Her being here keeps me from Stratton, where I proposed to be the end of this month. But God does not dispose of things and persons as we form designs.

I am, sir,

Your affectionate servant.

14th April, 1686.

XXXV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

YOUR letter, sir, dated June 27, and sheets of paper that accompanied it, found me at Woburn; by a letter from sister Alington, I understood you were with her that very day, and had completed your intention towards her, as you have most admirably your pious one towards distressed me; for which the world may hereafter stand indebted to my uncommon sad fate, for all that good they may share out of it. It is most certain, if you give me the power you speak of, I dare not deprive this wanting generation of so rich a supply, when I may have the dispensing of it. Your errors, doctor, would be others' perfections; for I must believe your being master of very much matter, gives a vast advantage over others; yet I allow a cause of some trouble to yourself, by restraining that flux of words and notions that flow so fast from you; but it is a rare excellency when the pain is more to refuse than choose. I cannot tell, doctor, whether your papers met me in a better temper now than at some other times to relish them; yet sure I esteem these sheets to be so fine, that it brought into my mind the loss you have lately sustained of a much loved friend; and to conclude, that a new experience of grief had, in your struggles to overcome all unfit discontent, raised your fancy to the highest pitch of framing arguments against it: it is a happy effect of sorrow, and a sure evidence to the soul, that the promises of the holy word belong to her; that the work of grace

is apt, and grows towards those degrees where, when we arrive, we shall triumph over imperfections, and our wills desire nothing but what shall please God. We shall, as your phrase is, be renewed like eagles; and we, like eagles, mount up to meet the Lord coming in the clouds, and ever tarry with him, and be no more faint or weary in God's service. These are ravishing contemplations, doctor! They clasp the heart with delight for such moments, or to say more truly, part of a moment that the soul is so well fixed. It is true, we can (you are sure) bear the occasions of grief without being sunk and drowned in those passions; but to bear them without a murmuring heart, then is the task; and in failing there lies the sin. O Lord, lay it not to the charge of thy weak servant; but make me cheerfully thankful that I had such a friend to lose; and contented that he has had dismissal from his attendance here (an expression you use I am much pleased with). When my time comes that I shall have mine, I know not how it will find me then; but I am sure it is my best reviving thought now; when I am plunged in multitudes of wild and sad thoughts, I recover and recollect a little time will end this life, and begin a better that shall never end, and where we shall discover the reasons and ends of all those seeming severe providences we have known. Thus I seem to long for the last day, and yet it is possible if sickness, or any other forerunner of our dissolution were present, I would defer it if I could; so deceitful are our hearts, or so weak is our faith. But I think, one may argue again, that God has wisely implanted in our nature a shrinking at the approach of a separation; and that may make us content, if not desire a delay. If it were not so

implanted there, many would not endure the evils of life, that now do it, though they are taught duty that obliges us thereto.

I know, sir, I am very tedious ; and if it be impertinent, I know also you will take it as if it were not so. Now I take this freedom scarce with any body else ; but it is a great indulgence to myself, and I am very certain you are pleased I should use it. I find it most especially useful on the return of these my saddest days, when dismal and yet astonishing remembrances crowd fastest into my mind : however, I shall, by God's goodness to me, stick close to those helps you have provided me, and read every day these new sheets, till the bitterest of all be past. On Tuesday my sister Alington designs to be here ; I am sorry it happens to be just that day, since I affect nothing that is particular or singular ; but as yet I have not seen any body besides my children on that day, being 13 July ; nor does it seem decent for me to do it, almost, when I remember the sad scene I saw and attended at all that day, and the miserable accidents of it, as the unfortunate end of Lord Essex*, to me so fatal, if the Duchess of Portsmouth told me true ; that they said the jury could not have condemned my lord, if my Lord Essex had not died as he did.

* Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex (son of Arthur who was taken at Colchester, condemned and beheaded 9 March, 1648-9) : he was a true patriot, and for delivering a petition against the parliament sitting at Oxford, was accused of the Ryehouse Plot, (Brit. Compend.) and committed to the Tower. He might (says Burnet) have made his escape ; but his tenderness for Lord Russell, and a fear that his absence might have an ill influence at his trial, made him stay at his

But I will do as I can : I hope she will not misconstrue what I shall do. I am sure I will never fail to her (by God's grace) because I know how tenderly he loved her, though I am apt to think now, she returned it not in love to a degree I once thought she had for him, and that sure he merited from her. But we are not loved most always by those we love best : she is very engaging where and when she pleases ; but enough of this.

I will make no answer to that part of your letter where you express some resentment at the joining hands by another than yourself. I had no part in it, but the disappointment of not seeing Doctor Fitz. on a day I thought I should. When I heard who was to do it, I did conclude they thought the dean would be disobliged by laying him aside, being in his parish. I let pass the misfortunes fallen on another dean, or rather on his parishioners ; but God is the supreme pastor, who still lives, and to him we may still go, should we be bereaved of all others.

I hear by my sister Montague* she found a sickly family at Paris ; her daughter in a languishing condition, worn to nothing almost with a fever, which has hung about her for these last six weeks ; the doctors apprehend a hectic, but youth, I hope, will overcome it.

country house till a party of horse were sent to bring him up ; he was found with his throat cut, not without suspicion of his being murdered in the Tower, 13 July, 1683, the morning of Lord Russell's trial, against whom this circumstance was used as an argument to prove the truth of the conspiracy, and condemn him.

* Elizabeth, married to the earl, afterwards (1705) Duke of Montague.

I have sent you the Gazettes, doctor, though they will be so old, all the use of them will be to practise your French tongue.

I am, with great sincerity,

Your faithful friend to serve you.

11 July, 1686.

Sir William Coventry* left a noble charity when he died, 2000*l.* to the French refugees, and 3000*l.* to redeem slaves. His four executors are Harry Savil, James and Harry Thin, which are two brothers of the Lord Weymouth, and Frank Coventry, his nephew. He died at Tunbridge, and was buried at Penthurst.

XXXVI.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

GOOD DOCTOR,

I AM sure my heart is filled with the obligation, how ill soever my words may express it, for all those hours you have set apart (in a busy life) for my particular benefit, for the quieting my distracted thoughts, and reducing them to a just measure of patience for all I have or can suffer. I trust I shall with diligence, and some success, serve those ends they were designed to. They have very punctually, the time you intended them for, the last two sheets coming to my hands the 16th of this fatal month; it is the 21st completes my three years of true sorrow, which should

* A man hearty for the Protestant religion and interest of England, and had a perfect knowledge of affairs.—*Burnet*.

be turned rather into joy; as you have laid it before me, with reasons strongly maintained, and rarely illustrated. Sure he is one of those has gained by a dismissal from a longer attendance here: while he lived, his being pleased led me to be so too, and so it should do still; and then my soul should be full of joy; I should be easy and cheerful, but it is sad and heavy; so little we distinguish how, and why we love: to me it argues a prodigious fondness of one's self. I am impatient that is hid from me I took delight in, though he knows much greater than he did here. All I can say for myself is, that while we are clothed with flesh, to the perfectest, some displeasure will attend a separation from things we love. This comfort I think I have in my affliction, that I can say, unless thy law had been my delight, I should have perished in my trouble. The rising from the dead is a glorious contemplation, doctor! nothing raises a drooping spirit like it; his Holy Spirit in the meantime, speaking peace to our consciences, and through all the gloomy sadness of our condition, letting us discern that we belong to the election of grace, that our persons are accepted and justified. But still I will humble myself for my own sins, and those of our families, that brought such a day on us.

I have been under more than ordinary care for my eldest girl; she has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, as we call it, and is not yet free from it. I had a doctor down with her, but he found her so likely to do well he stayed only one day. I have sent you these Gazettes, and will send no more, for I reckon you will be in your progress of visits.

I wish with you Lord Campden would marry; but

I want skill to prevail by what I can say. I hope I need employ none to persuade Dr. Fitzwilliam that I am very acknowledging and very sincerely

His friend and servant.

18th July, 1686.

XXXVII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I CAN divine no more than yourself, good doctor, why a letter writ the 18th of July should come to you before one that was writ the 13th; they went from hence in order, I am very sure. I answer yours as soon as I can, and yet not soon enough to find you at Cotenham, as I guessed, being you say you intended to be at Windsor the middle of September, and the greatest part of the interval at Hereford; and I remember you have in a former letter told me, you intended a visit at Lord Gainsborough's; so that this paper being likely to be a wanderer, and so in hazard of not coming to you at all it may be, I will not charge it with those letters you ask for; they are too valuable to me to be ventured, especially since mine loiter so by the way; therefore I will hear again from you before I send them, with particular directions where they shall come to you. I read with some contentment, doctor, that as either to speak or write a compliment would ill become you, it is your opinion my nature is averse to be so treated. It is so indeed, if I know myself; and I thank you for your justice to me. I have long thought it the meanest inclination

a man can have, to be very solicitous for the praise of the world, especially if the heart is not pure before God. It is an unfaithfulness I have been afraid of, and do not fear to say it has often excited me to be what I found good people thought me.

I do confess there is a beauty in godliness, that draws our love to those we find it in; and it does give a secret pleasure to have that attributed to one's self that one finds so charming in another. I am very certain, doctor, your judgment is without error, that the fastest cement of friendship is piety. One may love passionately, but one loves unquietly, if the friend be not a good man; and when a separation comes, what veneration do we give to their memory, we consider as loved by God from all eternity!

As to your papers, sir, I would not by any means abuse the power you give me, nor can I think I do so, if I am a cause that others have it in their power to try the same cordial I have found comfortable when under great heaviness of heart. I have read those books you have avoided to read, and must say as you do, the same matter may be handled several ways. In mixing cordials for faint spirits, we often make them differ in the taste; yet one is as useful and effectual as the other; perhaps one is most so to the one, when the other is to another; but that is not known till both tried. As to the commonness of the subject, why should that hinder? No man is at all times laying himself out to the uttermost of his ability, that is, in treating the deepest points; yet, if some such work ought to be public before one of this sort, I will not be contentious, nor tyrannical, in the power which is in my hands, because you have given it: it

would be an unjust return to your compositions in my great distress. I would acquiesce, and be content with copies, for such to whom I would recommend the reading of them also. I will tell you another scruple just now (as I write) risen in my thoughts, and therefore not at all digested, that though you do not own the work by your name before it, yet the author seldom fails being known, and the peculiar occasion, when there is one. Whether the politic part were good then in the publishing of it, it is advisable to consider of perhaps. And pray do so, and not from a quickness of mind answer me presently; you put it not in balance when the design is to serve one you profess a particular respect to. But remember my end is served, and theirs, we know, may be so too; those we know not will be the losers. This is my highest objection, and what I will not too easily pass over. We live in difficult times. God in mercy fit each one for his lot. My letters lie ready, and some prayers you sent with the first papers.

My sister Alington we have kept still here; she threatens to leave us every week. Rachel is very well again; I desire to bless God for it. My sister's girl is recovering. Our news letters say her lord has a new friendship with Lord Danby; but nothing is strange in such as follow courts.

Not knowing the fate of this letter, I will add no more from, good doctor,

Your obliged friend and servant.

Woburn Abbey, 12th August, 1686.

XXXVIII.

DR. FITZWILLIAM TO LADY RUSSELL.

I CANNOT, very honoured and good madam, be better pleased than when I am doing any service for my friends, especially in that way where no power of man can render me unserviceable while it permits me to breathe, in administering to their spiritual estate; because this is doing God service, and glorifying my great Master while I can bring any one soul forward to glory.

Certainly to be able to comfort and refresh any sad dejected spirits in a dark and gloomy day of trouble, or to aid such a one to submit with patience, if the resigning or offering up itself with cheerfulness cannot be effected, to God's correction, which is so oft misapprehended for the mark of his displeasure, is to make the passage easier to another life, and consequently to assist such a one in his journey towards the happy state of that, when all the discouragements on the road thither are either removed, or much lessened. If then that which I sent you assuaged the pain of the wound, by pouring any oil into it; or if it helped you to bear the smart of it with contentedness, while the return of the season opened it afresh, and your sense of it, I cannot but from such a reflection, that any performance of mine contributed to the ease or the courage of a person whom I regard so much, and ought to do so; for whose welfare I am so solicitous, and should be culpable if I were less—reap a great deal of satisfaction. The

shortest method of gaining this contentedness in all the stages of our lives we are to pass through, is to love God with all our hearts and souls, and to love nothing here below, even what He allows us to love with the tenderest affection, but in Him, and for Him; and then we cannot complain of his taking away the object on which we were enamoured, from our fruition, when it was only He we loved and enjoyed in it; and Him we may still enjoy, though we are dispossessed of that, because He is ever with us. And because the object may be such we may enjoy again, of which nature all our friends are, who are taken out of the sight of our eyes; for this end we are therefore to express our love towards God, in aspiring, in thirsting after a more immediate and intimate fruition of Him than this life affords, that we may in Him again enjoy those we are separated from. This is the great argument of consolation that St. Cyprian makes use of against the fear of death, in his Treatise of Mortality, that it will bring us to the sight and fruition of a number of friends, who have preceded us, taking a shorter or earlier course to happiness than we have done.

I have a meditation on this subject fitted to my own use, and since disposed to the use of two other friends; for it was designed to serve more than myself—which I may take some opportunity of transcribing, and sending to you. In the mean time, and in all seasons, I will ever continue, with my prayers for you and yours,

Very good and honoured madam,

Your most humble,

And faithfully devoted servant.

Chilton, August 12th.

I know not how it happened that your letter to me was postponed so that Lady Gainsborough had received a letter from you of congratulation before I could acquaint her with your intention to do so. Lady G. your niece, Mrs. Napier, are your very humble servants. The last is like to be very happy in a husband, if I am not grossly mistaken: I am sure I am not that he is a very ingenious and well natured man.

XXXIX.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I AM so persuaded of Doctor Fitzwilliam's concern for me and mine, that though I omitted a report at the end of the week, which was occasioned by a desire to get all the time alone I could, which is but a little, notwithstanding I use all my skill to get more, by denying to see all company; though, as I said, I omitted the end, I will not the beginning, to tell you how good God has been to me in the person of my child, whose eye is as well as the other. I shall another time rely the more on Doctor Lower's judgment, who named eight days, and it was so to a day. I hope this has been a sorrow I shall profit by; I shall, if God will strengthen my feeble resolves to return him a continual praise, and make this the season to chase all secret murmurs from grieving my soul for what is past, letting it rejoice in what it should rejoice, his favour to me in the blessings I have left, which many of my betters want, and yet have lost their chiefest friend also. But O, doctor! the manner of my deprivation is yet astonishing.

I must not abide on this subject: I had your very good letter, and think myself

Your obliged friend and servant.

4th Oct. 1686.

XL.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

As I think time very well spent in reading your letters, good doctor, I am ever disposed to thank you for them, and all the consolation they bring with them, the excitations to all good directions relating to practice or contemplation, by all pious arts, seeking a cure to an unhappy creature, and faulty in giving too much scope to nature and passion, not duly considering the great blessings God still continued to me; for that must have softened the sharpness of other thoughts, that have subdued me but too absolutely; yet as you exceedingly well remember me, I might reflect how my son was raised in my great day of trouble, and that I felt lately I could yet be more miserable, if the evil threatened had fallen on another beloved child; but God has been gracious to me in healing her sorrow, and I will endeavour religiously to perform my resolution, made in my agonies for her, of some cheerful thankfulness.

Your last, doctor, I received since my return to Woburn; the date was the 10th October. I have been the less quick in my answer, from some expectation, if you came to London, I should hear again from you; but I think your usual time is not till No-

vember, and that is too long to stay to send this to Windsor.

I will not argue about the sheets of paper, since there cannot well be any determination, till you have, I guess, those papers you once ordered to be sent to you to Cotenham; but your letter came not so timely for me to think fit to send them, by reason of your journey to Herefordshire. I am very solicitous you should be safe in the first place; and then it is fit to wish all good people all the benefit they can have by the pious labours of such as are blessed with gifts to prepare it for them. Alas! doctor, I am as far as yourself can be from imagining, that any the most forward to take his life (in whose all the innocent delights of mine were bound) had the least thought to embitter mine; or indeed thought of me at all. The point in that kind is no more, as I conceive it, than the sense of an officiousness to one that so sadly laments what they would have all rejoiced at; but this is a matter so far sought for, that I think there is nothing in it, and the less from the acquaintance, which is so notoriously known, and your dependence once upon my father. I will let it rest this time, with my hearty wishes, you may advise and choose best in this and all other concerns; I do it as one very sincerely

Your affectionate friend to serve you.

Woburn Abbey, 27th Oct. 1686.

I have now received a letter from Lady Gainsborough, as surprising as any thing of that kind can be to one. It is to tell me that Lord Camden was come from his sister Digby's, the night before, to ask his

father's leave to marry the Lord Brook's eldest daughter*, and was returning in haste to accomplish it. My lady indeed writ to me, as long ago as when they were entertaining the king at Portsmouth, that a Warwickshire knight had writ to her lord to propose this young lady to his son, but I expected no other effect from it, than has been from so many other motions of that kind: however, the wise man says, there is a time for all things. I am certain there can be none in which I do not wish their mother's children happy as my own. I think myself hugely obliged to my lady in taking care I may not have all the advertisements from a newspaper, or the hand of those as little concerned, as I had now, and happened to open it before hers, not knowing it, the superscription not being her hand. It was a matter so unlooked for by me, it gained no credit, till I read my lady's own letter.

XLI.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I do not love, good doctor, to let your letters lie by me unanswered. I ever find much in them that expresses my obligation to you, and as soon inclines me to be saying something by the way of thankfulness. The gratefulness I can make, I am persuaded, is to

* Wriothesley Baptist, Lord Camden, son to Edward Earl of Gainsborough, by Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley; married Catharine, daughter to Fulk Greville, Lord Brook. Catharine, sister to William, Earl (afterwards Duke) of Bedford, was married to Robert, father of Fulk, Lord Brook.

do myself good, by letting into my soul deep impressions of those necessary duties you so elegantly urge. I do promise you my endeavours, and assure you, you treat me as I would be treated. All the fault I can find is in your apologies; they are too humble towards yourself in the mistrusts of your proceeding. Indeed, doctor, you observe too punctually respects to err on the one hand, and are too stout and sincere a Christian to do it on the other, so that it is safe to be under your conduct. If high quality shuts out a freedom in those cases, I bless the goodness of God I am out of that exalted rank, for I would choose to be told my smallest errors.

I join my wishes most sincerely with yours for the prosperity of Lord Camden, and that his happiness in marriage may exceed his expectation. Some years past I should have been mightily pleased at the double relation this marriage gives me to him, but there is a stain in the father can never be washed off to my sight. I am sorry for it; however, that will not lessen my respect to the young lady, and especially when she is my nephew's wife. I hear from all but himself he is a transported lover. I fear he will be gone before I get to London; I fear it, because I could be content to see him since his inflexibility is conquered. My sister Alington, I hear, has much of his company; I doubt not but she has some of yours also. More discourse of the papers is deferred till we meet, which, if God permit, may be under three weeks, or thereabouts.

19th Nov. 1686.

XLII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Nothing less fatal than what happened last week in my poor sister's family, I think, should have kept me, I am sure not willingly, from writing to you, good doctor; but you will not wonder I found no time for such an exercise as this, when you know it has been the will of God to take the life of her eldest son*, after lying ill of a fever eight days. I believe she takes it heavily, for truly I have not seen her since the child died on Sunday morning, and her lord and herself went on Saturday night to Lady Harvey's†. She gave me her girl to take home to me; the other boy, being then feverish also, continues in the house. Now my own sad trials making me know how mean a comforter I can be, I think my best service is to take some care of her two children, who are both well now; and hope God will be pleased to keep them so, and teach her to be content. God should place his creatures where he knows it is best for them to be, and when it is best for us, we shall go to them; but they must not come back to us, who remain to struggle in an unquiet world, in all appearance; yet God's hand is not shortened that he cannot save;

* Ralph, son to Ralph and Elizabeth Montague, died about twelve years old.

† Lady Harvey, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward (father of Ralph) Lord Montague, was married to Sir Daniel Harvey, knight, ambassador to Constantinople.

however, if he will not here, he will hereafter, if we patiently wait the day of consolation that will endure for ever. Join your fervent prayers with my weak and cold ones, good doctor, that no secret murmurs of heart may stand between me, and hinder my hopes of the admirable comforts of that great day, for which my mourning soul longs.

The poor princess is wonderful sad, I hear*. It is said the king is not pleased with the envoy extraordinary the States are sending over; he is one, it seems, entirely in the interest of the prince. The Chief Justice Benefield† died suddenly in the church last Sunday; and a master in chancery did so since, but I do not know his name. I must desire you once more to write how to direct my letters; for the last, which was to send them on Thursday, is so blotted, I

* Princess Anne, married to Prince George, second son of Frederic III. King of Denmark, in 1683. They had four daughters and two sons, who all died young—Lady Mary, born 2d June, 1685, and Lady Anne Sophia, born 10th May, 1686; the last died, Feb. 2, 1686-7; and the other, Feb. 8: William, Duke of Gloucester, a very hopeful prince, born in 1689, died in 1700: Prince George of Denmark, with whom she lived in matchless love and content, died, to her unspeakable grief, in Oct. 1708: a prince universally beloved and lamented.—*History of the Royal Family*. Queen Anne, who during the whole course of her marriage had been a most tender and affectionate wife to him, in his last illness, which lasted some years, would never leave his bed, but sat up sometimes half the night in bed with him, with such care and concern, that she was looked on very deservedly as a pattern of conjugal affection. She was also a prudent indulgent mother.—*Tindal*.

† Benefield, probably Sir Henry Bedingfield, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

fear to mistake, therefore this is by the post, to assure you I am very faithfully

Your friend and servant.

9th Feb. 1686-7. Ash Wednesday.

Lord Newport* gave up his staff on Tuesday. The Gazette this day says, Lord Waldegrave has the Lord Maynard's; and Lord Yarmouth Newport's† staff. Prince George is ill of a fever. Both the children were opened; the eldest was all consumed, but the youngest very sound, and likely to live.

XLIII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I MUST keep still to Friday, since I have not a new direction from you, as I asked by the post last week. I will not repeat the sad intelligence I gave you then, because I am sure you cannot be without the information now.

The good princess has taken her chastisement heavily; the first relief of that sorrow proceeded from the threatening of a greater, the prince being ill. I never heard any relation more moving than that of seeing them together. Sometimes they wept, sometimes they mourned; in a word, they sat silent, hand

* Francis Lord Newport, afterwards Earl of Bradford, married Diana, sister to William, Earl (Duke) of Bedford.

† William Paston, Earl of Yarmouth, treasurer of the household, married the Lady Charlotte Jemima Henrietta Maria Boyle, or Fitzroy, natural daughter to Charles II. by Elizabeth Killegrew.

in hand; he sick in his bed, and she the carefullest nurse to him that can be imagined. As soon as he was able, they both went to Richmond, which was on Tuesday last.

My sister continues still at Lady Harvey's, much afflicted at her loss: it seems as if they would not return again at this time to Montague House, but take some house near Windsor. Her daughter is still with me, but the boy at Montague House: though now very well, he is not suffered to go further than the next room; the present terror upon loss of the other has occasioned more care for him than was necessary. This is a fine lively child; I hope God will spare it to them to their comfort, and not in wrath, as sometimes one would judge children are. We little know what we earnestly ask for, when we do so for the lives of children or friends.

The king refuses audience to Monsieur Dykvelt, till matters are adjusted with his new ambassador in Holland, for he has not had his yet. The ministers have been to visit this, that is, Lord Sunderland*, for he is as the whole. Every one has their guess what his business is, but altogether are of one mind, that he might as well have stayed away for any advantage he will have in his journey. It is supposed Lord Clarendon† is kept in Ireland by the winds, as the other was in England. There is great astonishment amongst that people, Lord Ormond yet walking

* Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, said to be the greatest politician of his age.—*Brit. Comp.*

† Henry Hide, Earl of Clarendon, displaced; Earl of Tyrconnel made Lord Deputy of Ireland.

with his white staff*. The reports are divers; some say he has answered the question unmannerly; but the king told him, in consideration of his age, he should wear his staff; others are apt to think he will be absent; and more are of this last opinion; as also that the parliament shall continue still to be prorogued. The Lord Sunderland said to that effect a few days ago; but the words of ministers are not easily understood in their true meaning.

The talk is great that France will early in the spring fall into Alsace, but my French friends will not allow it; they agree he would fain make a peace of the truce, and fright them into it (if nothing else will do) with the threats of a war, yet will engage in none.

I am, sir, your real friend.

18th Feb. 1686-7.

XLIV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

THERE is so much reason, doctor, to think that time well spent is so in reading your excellent letters, that it is time lost to spend any in telling you I esteem it

* Duke of Ormond was steward of the household; he died 26th July, 1688, eminent for zeal, loyalty, and fidelity. His son, Thomas Earl of Ossory, honoured and esteemed by all for his courage, virtue, and many excellent qualities, died 1679: by his lady, Amelia de Nassau, he left several children; his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to James Stanley, Earl of Derby. He defended his father's conduct in parliament with spirit and success.

to such a height, I shall be very defective in expressing, if I went about it. But you must conclude one knows nothing of good or bad, and is contented with that sordid ignorance, before you can believe what you write is read with indifference; and since you have conceived better thoughts of me, I will hope (notwithstanding my many frailties) you will never find cause to let them sink so low as to doubt whether I use some strict care to be prepared for all future events, and to receive with thankfulness the counsel and instruction of good and wise men, whose friendship, zeal and compassion dispose them, with painful labour and pious arts, to win us to that is infinitely best for us. I often think, could but this single particular be fixed firmly in our hearts, that God knows where it is best to place his creatures, and is good to all, delighting not to punish what he has made—how easily and safely could we live by rule, and despise the world; not as perhaps I do, because I cannot recover what was a perpetual bliss to me here; but as considering we are strangers and pilgrims upon earth, travelling to a better country, and therefore may well bear with bad accommodations sometimes in our way to it. None are so dealt with, I believe, as not to live some days of joy, yet we can lay no claim to do so, nor are the happiest here below without tasting the bitter cup of affliction at some time of their life; so imperfect is this state, and doubtless wisely and mercifully ordered so, that through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, we may be the most apt to thrust forward towards, and in the end (with inexpressible joy) attain, that state, where, as you express it, we shall feel no more storms, but enjoy

a perpetual calm. What can be more? The thought clasps one's heart, and causes the imprisoned soul to long to take her flight! But it is our duty to wait with patience each of us our appointed time.

My sister is just now at Mr. Winwood's by Windsor; when she comes back, I shall make her know how much you have considered her; and I pray God to lay it close to her heart, that she may retire into the strengths of grace the more sincerely she is assaulted with discomfits here. She has a fine lovely boy left. The poor princess continues still at Richmond, too sad, I fear.

Monsieur Dykvelt had his audience on Monday, and was retired with the king half an hour in his closet. He is allowed to be a man of parts and integrity; what his business is, every one is left to his own guess as yet*.

Lord Clarendon landed on Monday last: it is affirmed the new governor lays heavy weight on him, as that he leaves the people under great discouragements, occasioned by the sad stories he has told them, and using all arguments to bring them away by whole families; that in a little time he did not doubt to reassume them, when they would be made sensible no harm was meant to them.

The king is marrying the Lady Mary Tudor to one Mr. Radcliffe†, a gentleman of great estate in the north, and ancient family; a papist.

* Dykvelt's instructions were drawn up by Dr. Burnet.—*"History of his own Times."* page 708.

† Sir Francis Ratcliff, of Dilston, Northumberland, married the Lady Mary Tudor, natural daughter to Charles II. by Mary Davis. He was created Earl of Derwentwater, March, 1687-8.

Sir John Talbot is to be made a lord presently : the king says he finds him to be a gentleman of better understanding than almost any he knows in England, and judges him to be a person of integrity ; which is more than can be pronounced of Mr. Jenkyns* of the north, heir to an estate of 1200 pounds per annum.

He was accused as the author of Lady Mary Pawlet's grievous misfortune, but with great asseverations he denied it to persons of the best quality that were concerned for her ; yet now owns himself her husband more than a year past. Enough of so bad a story. Lord Northampton on Monday last presented, on the bishop's behalf, a petition to the king, to which there is yet no answer. The† petition contained no more than expressing a deep sense of lying under the king's displeasure, and begging that might be taken off. They say a declaration will presently come out, to show the

* Toby Jenkins, Esq. of Grimston, Yorkshire, married Lady Elizabeth Pawlet, youngest daughter of Charles Marquis of Winchester (afterwards Duke of Bolton). Lady Mary died unmarried.—*Brit. Comp.*

† George Compton, Earl of Northampton, nephew to Henry Bishop of London, a family eminently distinguished for their courage and loyalty to Charles I. and II. The bishop (Burnet says) applied himself more to his function than bishops had commonly done ; he was an humble and modest man (a friend to the Revolution) ; he was suspended *ab officio* 26 September, 1686, by the High Commission, for refusing to suspend Dr. John Sharpe, as directed by the king, the doctor having preached on controversial points, contrary to the king's letter prohibiting it. The bishop's petition was ineffectual ; his suspension not being taken off till 30 September, 1688. Sharpe, whom Burnet calls a very pious man, and says he read his sermons with much life and zeal, was, 1691, consecrated Archbishop of York.

king's dispensing power*. Mr. Savil was yesterday morning in the king's closet.—The event is expected. Many are persuaded the French king is bent for action this spring; my French friends will not allow it. If my paper did not put me in mind, I know not how long I should have rambled on. Room must be left for all my good things: the best turkey, the best pork and cheese that can be eat: the last bit of pork eat last night. This is not lent fare, doctor.

25 February, 1686-7.

XLV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

ALTHOUGH I take your life, good doctor, to be a continual doing good to souls, and am very certain you would not exclude mine from the best benefits you can help it with; and therefore from the general course of your actions do rely upon being profited by your precepts, examples, and pious prayers; yet I know myself to owe you, as one you have distinguished from others by your particular labours, to make my sorrowful soul find comfort in what true joys are only to be found. Therefore, if I knew how, I would, both in my actions and words, make my acknowledgments distinguished from others. I know of what sort they are you would like best; to preserve myself with better care to receive those comforts you can but ex-

* February 12, 1686-7, a proclamation for liberty of conscience in Scotland. April 4, 1687, King James II.'s declaration, suspending the penal laws and test.

ternally administer, with prayer, that God by his good Spirit would deal inwardly in our hearts, and work his work of grace upon us; then we should do mighty things. I am sorry for my unaptness, and sometimes think, that certainly in my more pleasant days, I lived as if I knew no higher delight, and it is that makes my separation still so bitter to me, that, to my shame and sorrow, I must confess to you my heart seems so bound down to a perpetual sadness, that even the solemnity of this blessed time, which calls for our most exalted praises, could not stir it, nor yet does it melt at the meditations of my dear Saviour's suffering for sinners; but a flood of tears are ever ready, when I permit the least thought of my calamity. This is matter of great humiliation, and, I hope, I make it such; and must rest in doing the duty, till God sees it fit to let me know better refreshments, and taste of those joys in which his servants are often so transported; but I will wait with a quiet submission.

Here has appeared no great changes since you went; the liberty of conscience is so notorious a matter, I meddle not with it, confining myself to lower matters, as I may tell you. He who was Admiral Herbert* is forbid to go out of England. Mr. Forester, who has been in Holland some considerable time, is sent for by a privy seal.

* Arthur Herbert, created Earl of Torrington, 1689, by King William for his great services: being pressed by King James II. to vote the repeal of the test, he told the king that he could not do it in honour or in conscience; and though he was poor and had much to lose (having places to the value of 4000*l.* a year) yet he would choose to lose them all, rather than comply. He was accordingly deprived of his commission, and went to Holland to the Prince of Orange.

There is a sheet of paper writ, as the king has said, by Doctor Burnet, to give reasons against taking away the test. It is hard to get; when I have it you shall see it. Some think it is not Burnet's*.

The prince and princess have consented to see him no more. Lady Rochester† lies still in a languishing condition. Lord Peterborough‡ is declared a Roman Catholic: the report is, two more, the chancellor§ and lord president|| will next Sunday. I remember no more, so leave you to the Gazette, ever continuing

Your real friend and servant.

1 April, 1687.

XLVI.

TO DOCTOR FITZWILLIAM.

By Doctor Fitzwilliam's letter from Windsor, I have a demonstration to add to many others, that he remembers me wherever he is. A piece of paper which I scribbled out to you, lies, I believe, at your house at Cotenham. However foolish a thing it may be to say, the headach has hindered me again writing to you, since I knew you to be at Windsor; yet so it is: it is God's will I should be something more afflicted with bodily pains than for some late years I have

* Burnet wrote the reasons against repealing the test.

† Henrietta, daughter of Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington and Cork, wife of Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester.

‡ Henry Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough; he died without issue male, 1697.

§ Jefferies. || Earl of Sunderland.

been. I am well contented, and hope he will not lay them so heavy as to disable me from my duties to my family; that is my great request; for truly I am totally disabled when I have those pains upon me. However, this last fit was not so fierce; as I was indulging to myself, out of great care not to disappoint an afternoon journey into the country, which the company would not make without me; therefore for two or three days till yesterday was past, would not do any thing might increase the pain. It is now over, and I am pretty well this morning; but being uncertain whether you would read this or not, by reason of your journey to Cotenham, I write only to tell you, you have a just title to all my best wishes, and consequently to the best recommendations I can make in my imperfect prayers for you under all hardships upon you. And now I will fold up the Gazettes, and, till the holy week is past, bid you adieu, recommending ever me and mine to your thoughts in your choicest hours.

May, 1687.

XLVII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

THE morning I left London I received a letter from you, dated 30 May, which informed me of your good intentions to have seen me at this place, if I could have kept mine of being here a week sooner than I was. To have met at my first coming so pious and so kind a friend would have been an advantage to me I am not at all worthy of, who entertain with so

heavy a heart those many and great mercies God still preserves to me his murmuring servant, who am indeed brimful with the memory of that unfortunate and miserable change in my own condition, since I lived regularly here before.

The poor children are well pleased to be a little while in a new place, ignorant how much better it has been both to me and them; yet I thought I found Rachel not insensible, and I could not but be content with it in my mind. Those whose age can afford them any remembrance, should, methinks, have some solemn thoughts for so irreparable a loss to themselves and family; though after that, I would cherish a cheerful temper in them with all the industry I can; for sure we please our Maker best, when we take all his providences with a cheerful spirit.

Lord Camden hath sent to see me, but whether I shall see him or no, I cannot tell. I find my time is spent, so will put up the Gazettes, and bid you adieu for this time, ever continuing

Your faithful friend to serve you.

My sister Alington, her sister, and daughter Alington, and my brother Robert, have made me a visit of two days. I am thankful, though I wished it longer. I hear Mr. Cheek is put from the Tower, and Sir *** Hales* in his place.

Stratton, 13 June, 1687.

* Sir Edward Hales, a Papist, had a regiment of foot, and was made lieutenant of the Tower.

XLVIII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE just received yours of the 21st; seasonable enough it comes to me, this being the eve of the sad day that ushered in the great calamity of my life; the same day my dear lord was carried from his house, I entertained the sad assurance of quickly after losing the sight of him for ever in this world; what the manner of it will be in the next is dark and unknown to us; it is enough that we shall be happy eternally.

I think you judge amiss, good doctor, that because those excellent rules and discourses I have by me do not fix me in a better (by a more settled) state of comfort, therefore your presence would not have had some useful influence. Our senses are quick, and a reflection as soon made as an object is presented; also the inconvenience of indulging it is as soon confessed when a reasoning friend is present; but we cannot have recourse to papers, and will not, or cannot, being before prepossessed, recollect by memory, and make application just then. However, doctor, though I am not cured, my ill is less inveterate than sure it would have been without your pious labours.

I spoke with Mr. Nutt about the printing them, and he put me in mind of the hopes I had given him of the employment; to which I answered, I could not do that till you was in town.

My house is full of company: to-morrow being Sunday, I purpose to sanctify it, if my griefs unhallow it not by unjustifiable passions; and having given some

hours to privacy in the morning, live in my house as on other days, doing my best to be tolerably composed. It is my first trial; for all these sad years past I have dispensed with the seeing any body, or till late at night; sometimes I could not avoid that without a singularity I do not affect. There are three days I like best to give up to reflection; the day my lord was parted from his family, that of his trial, and the day he was released from all the evils of this perishing world*.

I thank you again, good doctor, for your seasonable prayer. It may be this shall be the last letter I send you from hence, though I stay till Monday se'nnight; variety of care, and little affairs, it is possible, may prevent other exercises I stand more inclined to. When I come to Woburn, if no sooner, I will again repeat, that I hold myself to be, good doctor,

Your obliged friend and servant.

25 June, 1687.

Miss Montague is with me.

I hope breeding prevents my seeing my sister.

XLIX.

THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO LADY RUSSELL.

I DID not expect so many thanks, my Lady Russell, as I find in your letter by Mr. Dykvelt, who has said so much to me of all the marks of kindness you showed

* Lord Russell was arrested June 26, tried July 13, and beheaded July 21, 1683.

both to the prince and myself, that I should be ashamed not to have answered it sooner, but that you know one is not always provided with an opportunity of sending letters safely, of which indeed I am as much to seek now as ever; but hoping Mrs. Herbert will sooner find one than I, I resolve to leave this with her, not knowing when it may come to you; but whenever it does, pray do me the justice to believe, that I have all the esteem for you which so good a character deserves, as I have heard given you by all people both before I left England and since I have been here; and have had as much pity as any could have of the sad misfortunes you have had, with much more compassion when they happen to persons who deserve so well, and yet those are they we often see the most unlucky in the world, as you find by experience; but I hope your son will live to be a comfort to you, which, under God, I believe will be the best you can have. As for myself, I can only assure both you and my Lord of Bedford, that I should be very glad it lay in my power to do you any kindness; the same I can answer for the prince; and indeed you have expressed so much for us both to Mr. Dykvelt, that if it were possible, it would increase the esteem I had before for you, which I shall be very glad of any occasion to show, and more to be better known to you, that I might persuade you myself of the desire I have that you should be one of my friends.

MARIE.

Honſlerdyke, 12 July, 1687.

L.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

GOOD doctor, I can still but do the same thing over again, thank you infinitely for all your good deeds to me. I must observe to you how kindly Providence (I will imitate you, and not call it chance) disposes of your letters to my hands. I read yours of 11th July on the 20th, the eve of that day—I will not suffer my hand to write, fatal, because the blow struck on it was that which gave eternal rest to my beloved friend. I do not contend on these days with frail nature, but keep her as innocent as I can. And now, having laid all my sorrows at the foot of the throne of grace, I allow some of the remaining portion of my time to what disposes me best to cool my thoughts and entertain a tired mind, writing where I may do it freely; where my weakness shall be pitied, not censured; yet I shall be short, being forced to admit an interruption, not a welcome one this day; Lady Sunderland* in her way to Windsor making a visit, which I refused not in the afternoon to receive. To my best I took the method you offered me, and I must tell you, that when I came to that part of your letter, where you put the case, if my heart tells me so, as indeed it does, I made a full stop, and would

* Lady Sunderland, daughter of George Digby, Earl of Bristol, who, though a Roman Catholic, in 1673, spoke in favour of the test bill in general, as proper at that time, declaring himself a Catholic of the church, but not of the court of Rome.

read no further till I had considered, and accused myself: then I compared how you had stated it for me, and found it just the same in matter. I had made him my idol though I did not know it; loved man too much, and God too little; yet my constant prayer was not to do so; but not enough fervent I doubt. I will turn the object of my love all I can upon his loved children; and if I may be directed and blessed in their education, what is it I have to ask in relation to this perishing world for myself? It is joy and peace in believing that I covet, having nothing to fear but sin.

This must find you at Windsor, so my letter shall be the shorter; I know how you will be taken up there. I perceive your business is a friendly charity; it is a happy thing to be going about doing good: may you do so long, doctor. I hope you will find my sister carrying on a great belly.

I will ever remain, good doctor,

Your obliged friend to serve you.

21 July, 1687.

LI.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Yours of the 28th September telling me you will be long enough at the Bath, to be told that you are kindly remembered by your friends, I desire, good doctor, to be one of those that do so, and esteem myself much obliged to you for taking a portion out of your time to let me know you thought on me; when it was so pre-

cious, as I take time to be to travellers. I wish you all the benefit of the waters you wish yourself; the same I do assure you, sir, in all other occurrences of your life. It seems I must remit seeing you, as you once kindly intended. When I received your services to them, the lady and mistress of Herseheath were both here; they left us last Thursday, but I guess you may meet them at London, about the beginning of the term. My sister says she intends but a week's stay. I am in expectation to see my niece Digby in her way to Warwickshire; she sends me word she will dine here, and give me a sight of her little boy. Lord Camden and his lady have been at Bremen with their cousin Kingston*. I am told the two cousins agree the country is a dull place in winter. I am easily drawn to believe my Lord Gainsborough might be sensible of a change at Titchfield, finding a mistress of it, and remembering those he had known there before; but almost all changes seem strange, yet this world we are so apt to dote upon is a perpetual passing from one thing to another, and rarely to more pleasing objects. But it is our duty to be contented with all—a hard task sometimes, doctor.

I hear the French king, as a finishing stroke, is preparing an edict which all new converts shall sign; though so weak as to have signed before, yet they must now again, how they have been instructed, and are in their hearts convinced of the doctrine and

* William Pierrepont, Earl of Kingston, married Anne, eldest daughter to Robert Greville, Lord Brook; and Lord Camden, Wriothesley Baptist (afterwards Earl of Gainsborough) married Catharine, eldest daughter to Fulk Lord Brook, Robert's brother.

practice of the Roman church, even to the article of transubstantiation; that their sufferings have not been for religion, but their disobedience to the king's commands.

Doctor Burnet is outlawed in Scotland, and I am told a few days before (he knew it would be so), he invited all his friends to dinner; and after that was over, took his solemn leave of them, resolving to converse no more with them*.

I can easily and with much satisfaction spend much time with you, but for expedition's sake, having an opportunity to send this by one just going to London, I will add no more than to sign a great truth, that I am

Your faithful sad friend and servant.

5 Oct. 1687.

I have a large bundle of Gazettes can easily be conveyed to London; but then you are at no leisure to read them; so unless you send for them, their resting place will be at Woburn.

* King James II. provoked at Burnet's papers, (viz. Remarks on the Earl of Melfort's Letter to the Scotch Presbyterian Ministers.—Apology for the Church of England.—Reasons against repealing the Test.—Reflections on the Proclamation for Toleration in Scotland.—Reflections on his Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience concerning Religion, &c.) and his making pretensions to a lady of fortune at the Hague, ordered a process against him in Scotland for high treason, which came at last to an outlawry. Burnet published the citation with his answers, and three letters to the Earl of Middleton—Also an Inquiry into the Reasons for abrogating the Test imposed on all Members of Parliament, offered by Samuel (Oxen) Parker.

LII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

ALTHOUGH your letter, good doctor, is dated 15th October, I read it not till the 20th, having received that with many others so late, I believe it was past midnight before I had done. Yours was not the last neither; for when I had run over my common and impertinent ones (such I term compliments of course or feigned ones), I hastened to yours; indeed you make me greater compliments than any body else; but I have no charge against you for doing so; what they exceed in I must bring the accusation against myself. The near and pleasing concern you make the well being of me and mine to be to you, I believe most hearty and sincere, and kindly engages me to great thankfulness; but amongst your choicest expressions, you are induced to say you could rather envy my condition than pity it, from an opinion of being supported and comforted, with a well grounded persuasion of my having a right and title to those precious promises, that will give a pleasant and perpetual rest to the weary and heavy laden soul. This, doctor, is perhaps what you mistake in; and I have led you into the error by speaking too well of my own thoughts or exercises, which are truly all mean, and encompassed with uncomfortable weakness; yet I have not the confusion to reflect I have said any thing from a false glory; I should, if I can discern right, wrong my own heart by it, and that grace of God which disposes me, though in the meanest degree, to ask

for, and thirst after such comforts as the world cannot give. What it can give I am most sure I have felt, and experienced them uncertain and perishing; such I will never more (grace assisting) look after; and yet I expect a joyful day, after some more mournful ones; and though I walk sadly through the valley of death, I will fear no evil, humbling myself under the mighty hand of God, who will save in the day of trouble: He knows my sorrows and the weakness of my person. I commit myself and mine to Him.

I had, as you guess, doctor, the satisfaction of seeing Lady Digby, and her prosperous son, and hope she will maintain that house with an honourable and virtuous race. Lord Tiviot has been here two days of this week, full fraught with stories out of Hampshire, some of them too much at the expense of such as must ever have a title to my best wishes, which fetched sighs from me. Yet the beauty of Providence should reconcile us to all sorts of dispensations. I have sent a large packet of Gazettes; and have no other papers, I believe, you have not seen. If I had that which you mention of Remarks upon the Declaration, I have mislaid it, or it is taken away*.

* "*Letter to a Dissenter on the Declaration of Indulgence*," wrote by George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, who was made lord privy seal by King William, and died 1695. He wrote also the "*Anatomy of an Equivalent*." Reresby says, in 1685 (Nov.), he was dismissed from the office of president of the council; being generally esteemed a wise man and an excellent subject, the removal of him injected a fear that a change of counsels was in consequence to ensue a change of counsellors. He adds, "I conducted a gentleman to my Lord Halifax to ask his pardon for some things he had been reported to have said against his lordship. In good policy

Another paper sent me with the Letter to the Dissenter, vanished, so that I never read it: that kind of title has kept it in my head ever since. Your curiosity, doctor, is sure blameless, though very mean are most of the amusements of a life to endure so little a while, as the longest is upon earth.

The result of the master of Magdalen College is known to you before this, and will be to us here, I hope, to-morrow*.

we ought to suffer no man to be our enemy if we can possibly avoid it; but such was his lordship's natural disposition, that in the whole course of my life, I never knew a man more ready at all times to forgive, and shall never forget his expression upon this occasion—"Sir, if you did not say the words, I am very glad of it; and even if you did, I am glad you find cause to be of another mind."

In the reign of James II. many pieces were written for and against liberty of conscience; one in 1685, entitled "*A short Discourse upon the Reasonableness of Men's having a Religion*," &c. by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Ralph says, that on 16th April, 1687, he died in neglect, and almost obscurity, at his house in Yorkshire; the prodigal son of a most rapacious father, who was visited with wealth, beauty, parts, dignity, place, and power, only to show their eminent insignificancy, when unaccompanied with wisdom and virtue. He had above 30,000*l.* a year at the Restoration; at last 2,500*l.* a year was all he had left; much too little for his profuse way of living. He took with him a company of ruffians into Yorkshire, got money from the tenants by force, was guilty of a riot at an inn, and died. The family and estate expired in the second generation.—*Oldmixon*.

* The king ordered the vice-president and fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, to choose one Farmer their president: they elected Dr. John Hough (afterwards bishop): the ecclesiastical commissioners, with Cartwright (the time serving bishop of Chester) at their head, declared the election void: then the king sent a second mandate for them to choose Samuel Parker, Bishop of Oxford (who wrote for the repeal of the

I am glad my sister has the advantage of so good company as yourself in her solitude, so I reckon Windsor now, and suppose her lord makes frequent visits to London; there I expect to meet you when December is begun, that am

Your obliged sincere servant.

22 Oct. 1687.

We have just heard the very ill news of the princess's miscarriage. God comfort her, poor lady.

LIII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

It is a reproach to myself, good doctor, that I have not once since you went, given you this mark of my respect; but it has come to pass, I think, from an invincible necessity; nothing else can excuse it to myself, and that I know will to you, who I believe will not soon accuse me of a crime I intend never to deserve to have laid to my charge. The truth is, sir, the great affair you know me engaged in takes up both my time and thoughts. Many difficulties are met with by the manner of the settlements, and yet not got over: one week more I hope will make me guess at the issue.

test, a man covetous, ambitious, and proud, and seemed, says Burnet, to have no other sense of religion but a politic interest): on their refusal, sentence of expulsion was pronounced against the fellows by visitors the king appointed, and by the ecclesiastical commissioners they were disabled to hold any church preferments.—*Salmon*.

This day Miss Noel is made a wife, and my girls are but just come from the ceremony; I should have spoke properly to have said yesterday, for I hear it strike one o'clock, yet I had company would sit to see my girls come home; and I could not leave this to be written to-morrow, for I am to be in my coach at seven o'clock to dine with my sister Montague at Windsor.

The news most talked of is, the king has sent to call over the English forces out of Holland; the French papers will tell the rest. The town is full of what you or I have little to do with, balls and rejoicings*. It is time to close this from

Your faithful friend to serve you to my power.

27 Jan. 1687-8.

One o'clock in the morning.

LIV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

JUST after I had retrieved time enough to scribble to you, and enclose some French papers, I received yours of 24th January, which, though you would not term it such, I made as a sort of kind reproof; and indeed I had a guilt upon me, that it might justly be so; for I am ready to own I have received obligations

* On the 23d Dec. 1687, a proclamation issued, appointing the 15th of January to be observed as a thanksgiving for the queen's being with child, within the bills of mortality; and the 29th of January, in the rest of the churches of England.

enough from Doctor Fitzwilliam to make me careful to give him the mean content of such letters as mine. But in earnest I am in a great and constant hurry, from my careful endeavours to do my duty to my child, and to my friend, sister Margaret Russell*, which, by God's grace, I design to do as cordially as to my children. I meet with many difficulties in both; yet, in my girl's, there is no stop but such as the former settlements cause, which, from any we can learn of yet, will hinder a conclusion till he is sixteen.

I thank you, good doctor, for your kind offer, which, whether I accept or not, I am sure I shall do all in a kind respect to you, and preserve the sense of your esteem to me and mine, and shall be sorry if I make not use of it in the way you desire I would take liberty to do.

I trust, if I perfect this great work, my careful endeavours will prosper; only the Almighty knows what the event shall be; but sure it is a glimmering of light I did not look for in my dark day. I do often repeat in my thoughts, the children of the just shall be blessed: I am persuaded their father was such; and if my heart deceive me not, I intend the being so, and humbly bless God for it.

I can send you no good news; the best (in my opinion at least) is, if true what some say, we shall have no war, nor parliament. Here was lately great talk of setting out 20 sail to join the French fleet: many are divided about a parliament, whether one

* Lady Rachel's intended marriage, and Lord Stafford's addresses to Lady Margaret Russell.

shall be called or not. My boy said, at dinner, it is a year of great wars, marriages, and robbing. To make good the second, it is reported Lord Halifax is treating for the Lord Kent's son, and Lady Essex for Lord Carlisle's*. Something of both I fancy there is. Some murders here have been, which no doubt have reached you before this will. But there is a private piece of news I know you will be sorry for. Poor Lord Gainsborough was seized on Tuesday se'nnight with a dead palsy all on one side; his speech returned quickly, and the last news was, he was much mended, had stirred his leg but not his arm, and my niece writ they feared he did not see with the eye on that side, but were loath to ask, for fear of disheartening him: if we hear he has passed a week, I hope he may recover to some degree.

Queen dowager's† resolutions for Portugal cannot be new to you: it occasions much talk, her humour and way of living not warning any to suspect she would retire out of the world. Lord Oxford has at last his regiment taken from him‡. It is said the king told him, he did not do it in regard to his religion, but his factiousness of mind, for his majesty would have the test. The queen goes on prosperously; has seen two plays at Whitehall. Now you have all the reports I can make, I take my leave,

* Charles Howard, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, married Lady Elizabeth Capel, only surviving daughter of Arthur, Earl of Essex.

† Catharine, queen dowager of Charles II. did not go to Portugal till March 30, 1692.

‡ Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who died in 1703, without male issue.

and turn you to the Gazettes. Here are some pamphlets, but I know not if you care to have them sent this way, and perhaps you have them already; as Reflections on Fagell's Letter; also Reflections on the Relation of the English Reformation, lately printed at Oxford*.

I am, good doctor,
Your faithful friend.

10 Feb. 1687-8.

The late audience at court was new; Dominicans in their habits as ambassadors from Cologne. Corker† that was tried is the chief, and is to live here at St. James's or Lincoln's Inn Fields; for the Papists have bought Lord Berkley's in the one place, and Lady Bath's in the other.

LV.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE‡ TO LADY RUSSELL.

I HOPE my Lady Russell will do me the justice to believe I would not have kept three of the letters so

* Fagell's Letter contained the Prince and Princess of Orange's sentiments and objections against the repealing the test.

† James Corker, a Benedictine monk, was tried for being concerned in the popish plot, but acquitted in July, 1679.—*Salmon*.

‡ A princess more conspicuous for her personal accomplishments of understanding and disposition, than her external dignity. She died 28th December, 1694, in her 33d year. Burnet says, she was a singular instance of conjugal affection; insomuch that when it was put to her, what she intended the

long without answering, had I not wanted an opportunity of sending mine. But I hope Mr. Russell, who brought me one, will find a way to send this to you, for I can stay no longer from desiring you to make no more excuses for writing. If you knew the esteem I have for you, you would be persuaded your letters could not be too troublesome; and since you will make me believe it is some satisfaction to you, I shall desire you to continue; for I assure you I am extremely glad to contribute any way I can to that. I hope this match of your daughter's will afford you all the joy and comfort you can desire. I don't question but you have made a very good choice; and since I wish so well to my Lord Devonshire, I cannot but be glad it is his son, believing you will have taught your daughter, after your own example, to be so good a wife, that Lord Cavendish cannot choose

prince should be, if she came to the crown; her answer was, that the rule and authority should be his, for she only desired that he would obey the command of "Husbands, love your wives;" as she should do that of "Wives, be obedient to your husbands in all things." King William told Archbishop Tennison, that he could not but grieve, since he had lost a wife, who in seventeen years had never been guilty of an indiscretion. She had no relish for those indolent diversions which are too common consumers of most people's time, and which make as great wastes on their minds as they do on their fortunes. She was a perfect example of conjugal love, chastity, and obedience. By her example, it became as much a fashion among the ladies of quality to work, as it had been formerly to be idle. She thought it a barbarous diversion which resulted from the misfortunes, imperfections, or follies of others. She had read the best books in English, French, and Dutch, which were almost equally familiar to her—but gave the most of her retired hours to the reading of the Scriptures, and books relating to them.

but be very happy with her. I assure you I wish it with all my heart, and if that could contribute any thing to your content, you may be sure of as much as it is possible for you to have; and not only my wishes, but upon all occasions, I shall be glad to show more than by words, the esteem I have for you.

Hague, 13 February, 1687-8.

LVI.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I HAVE read your letter enough to know your thoughts upon several matters, but not as I would do deliberately, or to examine how heartily I join with you in every point; nor will I defer writing till I do; though I never had less time (if so little) at my own disposal; so that unless I dispatch this, it is very likely I may delay till next post. I meet with hard difficulties in the lawyers' hands; we are forced to be with a great many of that profession, which is very troublesome at this time to me, who would fain be delivered from them, conclude my affair, and so put some period to that inroad, methinks I make in my intended manner of living the rest of my days on earth. But I hope my duty shall always prevail above the strongest inclination I have. I believe to assist my yet helpless children is my business; which makes me take many dinners abroad, and do of that nature many things, the performance of which is hard enough to a heavy and weary mind; but yet I bless God I do it.

Letters came out of Holland on Wednesday night,

which, in as respectful terms as is possible in that case, refuse to send the troops, saying, they have cost them a great deal, they are threatened on all hands, and know of no capitulation which obliges them to send them, the king being quiet at home and abroad: but if his majesty had occasion, they would soon send them, and many more to his aid; and for such officers as would retire from them, they were at liberty.

I have been told the king should say, Amsterdam had better intentions, but the parts of the States prevailed, who, perhaps, had a mind to quarrel, but seemed to imply he had none. This piece of news I would insert, though I have a man of business by me, whom I must speak to when I have closed this.

Sister Alington has sold her house to Lord Bristow, so is kept still in town. Lady Manchester was married last Wednesday to a fourth son* of George Montague, a man of twenty-four; the same was said to have writ the answer to the Hind and Panther. Lord Gainsborough is better. I have writ your compliments this morning to sister Montague.

Next week you shall have the letters you ask for, and the Reflections on the Reformer. I do not justify the sharpness of them; though I wish him

* Charles Montagu, afterwards Earl of Halifax, descended from a younger branch of the Manchester family; he had the reputation of a fine taste, and of being master of polite literature, as well as an encourager of men of parts and learning. His skill as a speaker and manager were unquestionable; he had a part in writing the *British Merchant*, in opposition to D. De Foe's *Mercator*.—*Tindal*.

very well that is guilty of the fault: the other justly deserves it.

17 February, 1687-8.

LVII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Good doctor, take my good will in good part; if I were not mightily employed this morning I should not send you so short a letter, but I enclose the Gazettes. I know no news worth sending down: the talk is, three new regiments shall be raised; Lord Salisbury and Abergavenny are talked of. A new memorial is sent into Holland concerning the forces. Rachel's affair is creeping forward: my next, I believe, will tell you more. It is not very considerable, but it is very true, that I am Doctor Fitzwilliam's faithful

And kind friend and servant.

2 March, 1687-8.

LVIII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

You are the most encouraging, doctor, I ever knew. If I went fast in that affair, which perhaps takes up my thoughts too much, I believe you would seek and find some parallel to comfort me in my proceedings, which I am apt enough to think are done with a very poor conduct. Certainly to work alone, as it is said,

so it often leaves one doubtful ; but none can do more than they are fitted for : my will is with the best I am sure, and my hope is great that I am assisted with the best Director of our minds, and Disposer of all events : so I go quietly on, desire great diligence in all my actions, and expect by that slowness you so well approve of, to discover at one time what I cannot in another, that so I may complete this great work with as few errors as I can reasonably expect to make. I have a well bred lord to deal with, yet inflexible if the point is not to his advantage. I am to meet him this morning at eleven o'clock, at the lawyer's chambers, proposing to give a finishing stroke to the agreement between us, and then the deeds will be drawn in a few more weeks, I hope, and this matter perfected. That of Lady Margaret is to Lord Strafford. God knows there are many exceptions ; but the gentleman is a worthy, honest man, and made an indulgent husband to the Earl of Derby's daughter. He is afflicted with stone and gout*.

I could not have imagined the accident of the penknife would have proved so bad a business ; you must owe it to your own neglect, and your happy and profitable reflections upon it to the goodness of God.

* William Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, married first, Lady Mary Stanley, daughter to James Earl of Derby, who, and Lord Strafford's father, were both beheaded : the latter was the greatest subject in power, not less in wisdom, and little less in fortune, at that time in the three kingdoms.—*Brit. Comp.* His second wife was Henrietta Du Roy, beforementioned. The match with Lady Margaret Russell did not succeed. (He died in 1695, without issue.) She was married to Admiral Russell.

I now send you the book you would have; there are two sheets more as answers, or resolutions to the Bishop of Oxford: one sheet treats of idolatry; the other of transubstantiation, more loosely writ than the first; the party, I hope, stands corrected. I cannot yet procure a sight of them for more time than I just took to read them, the bulk of them being seized. But there is a Treatise of the Nature of Idolatry, which eclipses all others, as the wise say: if you want it I will send it next week; as also a *Parliamentum Pacificum**, which is hugely cried up.

You know my appointment, and while I am thus employed, have something to do to remember it. I am undressed at ten o'clock.

Good doctor,

I am ever your faithful friend and servant.

Nothing but one so unthoughtful as myself could forget to thank you for your cheeses; when eating will not remember one, I know not what can. All our supping company are your servants.

16 March, 1687-8.

* *Parliamentum Pacificum*, or the happy Union of King and People in an healing Parliament, asserting Fagell's letter to be a forgery, or at least not approved by the prince and princess. Burnet confuted this in his reflections on *Parliamentum Pacificum*.

LIX.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I CANNOT omit this, because I know I shall gain true, and the best advantages by it: what is our own interest we are seldom wanting to ourselves in. That which I expect from you, you will know when I tell you Rachel is now ill of the measles, which in your best hours, I desire you will remember, with praises for her hopeful condition: it is the third day, so I hope the danger is over; but bad effects so often follow afterwards, my fears still continue; yet I trust God will direct and bless my care. I will add no more, but in haste sign a truth very heartily that I am
Your constant friend and servant.

23d March, 1687-8.

LX.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

It is so late before I sit down to write, that I would let it alone, if I did not mistrust Doctor Fitzwilliam has concern enough for me to be uneasy, if I do not tell him how Rachel does, after having given him the report of her being ill of the measles. I bless God for it (with all the powers of my soul), she is very well freed from that distemper, and yesterday began to purge. I continue yet parted from the other two; but, so they are well, I can endure the absence

as well as any body ; no more, in this unkind world, considering how to please myself, but them, and intent upon their good, which is the end I hope I live for.

My sister Alington went hastily down yesterday morning, upon hearing her eldest daughter had the measles ; I wish it proves no more, for should it be the small-pox, I shall be afraid for herself, who has never had them, and I doubt her suddenness of temper would make her go to the child, she being very fond. She promised us she would not : if she considers, sure she ought not, for her skill is none, and her life irreparable to the poor girls ; and she has a skilful friend by her, whom she dares trust ; and then she can look after the other children. Poor Doctor Cligat's wife is very ill of the small-pox at Doctor Sharpe's house, whither she came as soon as her husband died. The dean is removing, having never had them. I know no news but who has the measles or small-pox. I have sent you a book cried up to be very well writ, but which has offended the States in a high measure ; so much, as it is said, they have desired the license to be called in. Doctor Burnet, as I hear the king says, has writ a sheet of answer, the most seditious he ever writ yet ; nobody but the king has it. They speak as if the queen's going to Windsor began to be doubtful.

I am, good doctor,

Your faithful friend and servant.

6th April, 1688.

LXI.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

THOUGH I know how very little my letters are worth, yet I regret you had none last Friday, because you looked for it: I meant to have writ the day before, doubting my want of time on Good Friday; yet my little affairs and care came so fast upon me, I did it not: if I had had a pleasing answer to have given you in respect of your Magdalen College man, I had not failed.

They tell me they are resolved to send a gentleman that is their chaplain now, who they give a great character to. As to Lord Exeter's son, I know little of him: did once hear a gentleman say, my lord had such thoughts, but never afterwards. For some reasons I will not set down here, I don't think it proper for me to meddle there.

The princess has miscarried, and the queen much indisposed, but is better they say. It is a very barren time for news, except what relates to transactions beyond sea, and that the French or English Gazettes inform.

I am full of small affairs, and called away by a gentleman's coming to me.

I am faithfully, good doctor,

Your friend to serve you to my power.

19th April, 1688.

LXII.

THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO LADY RUSSELL.

I CAN'T let Mr. Russell* go back without answering the letter I received by him, and assuring you, my Lady Russell, that you shall never want any from me, since you will have me believe they are of any satisfaction to you. I am sure I may learn from yours to consider God's providence in such a manner as to make it easy. I hope you will have no more occasion to exercise that submission as you have for all that comes from him, in such a sad manner as formerly; but that the happiness of your daughters, and the success of all else you undertake, may give you all the content you can desire. I should be very glad I could any way contribute to any thing of that kind, or have an opportunity of showing how much I desire to be your friend.

Hague, 21 May, 1688.

LXIII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

WHEN I tell you, good doctor, the errand of this paper (that is the immediate one), you will not expect it should be long. It is to tell you my child was married yesterday†. I hope the prospect is

* Admiral Russell.

† Lady Rachel Russell (daughter of Lord William and Lady Russell) was married to Lord William Cavendish, son

good, and God's Holy Spirit has been my director in this whole affair. I do not ask your prayers; I know I have had them, and have them still. Dean Sharp

of William, who became Earl of Devonshire in 1684, who had been a true friend to Lord Russell. Burnet says, he had the courage of a hero, with an unusual proportion of wit and knowledge, and a peculiar softness in his exterior deportment. He had been fined 30,000*l.* for striking Col. Culpepper in the verge of the court: King James offered to excuse the fine, but it had no effect on that brave and generous nobleman; he chose rather to expose himself and fortune to the rigour of the court than to desert the interest of his country in such a time of peril (1688), so he joined in the undertaking with great readiness and resolution.—*Oldmixon*. *Ralph* says, he was told, that soon after the severe sentence was passed on Lord Cavendish, the countess, his mother, who had long absented herself from court, made her appearance in the circle, and having acquainted his majesty that she was come to pay her son's fine, presented him with an acknowledgment, under the hand of King Charles I. that he stood indebted to the father for the like sum that was now to be squeezed out of the son. In 1694 he was created duke, the preamble to his patent setting forth, "That the king and queen could do no less for one who had deserved the best of them—one who, in a corrupted age, and striking into the basest flattery, had constantly retained the manners of the ancients, and would never suffer himself to be moved either by the insinuations or the threats of a deceitful court; but equally despising both, like a true asserter of liberties, stood always for the laws: and we advising with him how to shake off that tyranny, he, with many other peers, drawn over to us by his example and advice, gave us the greatest assistance towards gaining a most absolute victory without blood, and so restoring the ancient rights, religion," &c. William, his son, succeeding in 1701, Queen Anne conferred on him his father's places of dignity and trust, with this most gracious expression—"That she had lost a loyal subject and a good friend in his father, but did not doubt to find them both again in the son."—*British Compendium*.

performed the office. And now I take leave for this time ; it is the only letter I shall write to day, I guess, being yet in some hurry. We all dine at Lord Devonshire's to-day : one week more will set me at leisure, I trust, to consider of this sad season of the year ; to me, though sadly, not unusefully, I trust in God.

I am your faithful friend.

22 June, 1688.

Lady Devonshire interrupted me yesterday morning as I was just going to put up my letter, to make his present of a pair of diamond pendants, and stayed so long, I forgot this letter till it was too late ; so I send it now by the post.

LXIV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

YOUR congratulations are very welcome, good doctor, to me, and I will give them to my young woman, to whom I undertake they will be so. I trust in the mercy of God for his blessing on her, even to the measure you wish them. We have all the promising hopes that are (I think) to be had : of those I reckon riches the least, though that ingredient is good if we use it rightly. We found difficulty enough in getting things dispatched to have the day of marriage when it was ; and if it had not been on that day, I had asked Doctor Fitzwilliam to have taken a journey, for our dean would have been gone ; but my Lord

Devon hurried it off, being in great haste to go to the Bath, and had the writings sent but on Tuesday night out of town to be signed by Lord Exeter* and Lord Gainsborough, here again on Thursday morning early enough for them to be married, because we could get no license to do it in the afternoon. I do not justly remember any expression I have used that intimated my opinion of your hard thoughts of that state which undoubtedly affords the sweetest comforts of life, or the bitterest sorrow of it. No, indeed, doctor, I have only thought you had respect for a single state of life, when persons remained so by choice; and all your part, in the course of your life, I have ever considered as acted and directed by true piety.

As early as my mournful heart can, I will pass over those sad days which, at the return of the year, will, let me struggle all I can, set more lively than at other times, sad objects before my sight; but the reviving hope of that immortal life my dear friend is already possessed of, is my best support.

This very solemnity has afforded me, alas! many a thought I was forced to check with all my force, they making me too tender; though in retirement they are pleasant: and that way I can indulge myself in at present. Sure, if departed souls know what we do, he approves of what I have done; and it is a reward upon his children, for his patience and so entire submission during his sufferings.

* John Cecil, Earl of Exeter, married Anne, daughter to William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, as Edward Earl of Gainsborough did Lady Russell's sister.

I will keep this paper as long as I can, to give you some report from Westminster*.

I learn nothing; and so will close it by signing myself

Your constant friend and servant.

Southampton House,
29 June, 1688.

LXV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

WHETHER I say little or find time to say more, I am not easy in my mind if I do not seal a paper up to good Doctor Fitzwilliam once a week; and if I examine justly, I believe it may appear more my interest than I am apt to think myself guilty of; for it is a sort of trading I get extremely by, and the income it brings is very valuable to me. I know your next letter will be particularly so, and indeed your friendship is very remarkable in it, that you carry times and seasons in your mind purely on account to do me good, if that is to be done. I shall expect it, and use it as a help and part of my best entertainment in these my most sad days. I cannot but own there is a sort of secret delight in the privacy of one of those mournful days: I think, besides, a better reason, one

* The seven bishops tried for petitioning to be excused from reading the Declaration for Liberty of Conscience, and acquitted, viz. 1. Sancroft, of Canterbury; 2. Loyd, of St. Asaph; 3. Turner, of Ely; 4. Lake, of Chichester; 5. Ken, of Bath and Wells; 6. White, of Peterborough; 7. Trelawny, of Bristol. The 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, afterwards refused to take the oaths to King William.

is, that I do not tie myself up as I do on other days ; for God knows, my eyes are ever ready to pour out marks of a sorrowful heart, which I shall carry to the grave, that quiet bed of rest.

I shall deliver all your compliments. I find they must wait one other life for that estate, and be content with a legacy of 200*l.* at present to buy mourning.

The French papers will give you more news than I can write, unless of so late a date as Wednesday, when the two judges Holloway and Powell were put out ; who were such cross fellows as not to suffer six or twelve charters, that were to be destroyed that morning, to be so, putting by the consideration to the next term ; so they lie undetermined*. There were four judges ; two drew one way, two the other ; and so no judgment could be given. There are several conjectures concerning the bishops, but I write only matter of fact : and therefore say nothing of any new converts are like to be, only that the lord president is one, and has carried the torch, and asked pardon for his heresy. Lady Essex's daughter was married yesterday to the Lord Carlisle's son, a young bride, like mine at home. Mrs. Alington has been in town, I hear, for two or three days, but I saw her not ; she is gone down with Lady Dorset to Knowls, Lord Dorset's house, near Tunbridge. I am called away. Sir,

Your obliged friend and servant.

6th July, 1688.

* In less than a week after the bishops were acquitted, the king struck Holloway and Powell off the list of judges, as a public mark of his displeasure.—*Ralph*. Perhaps their want of compliance in the affair of the charters was partly the cause of their being dismissed.

LXVI.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Good doctor, my careful attendance on my young couple at London kept me in so perpetual a hurry, that I had not my mean ordinary comprehension in things. For an instance to you, I could not by your last of the 5th find where you were; from home I saw, but did not see the W. before the date which I do not wonder at, from the badness of my eyes, and reading hastily; but I do, that by your discourse in it, I should not find you at Windsor, but so it was, I did not, nor guessed at it, till sister Montague told me at nine o'clock at night you were there. I did as soon resolve to send you a line or two, but was defeated; company I found at home great store, and business, when rid of them; so that having no time my own all day, when I heard it strike two o'clock I went to bed, hoping for a moment in the morning; but though I rise at five, I was mistress of none: at half an hour past six was to be in the coach, and which I was the more careful to be, because Lord Bedford, who went earlier, would stay dinner for me; we drove so well he did not, and that night, I bless God, we got all well to this place. The pensive quiet I hope for here, I think, will be very grateful to my wearied body and mind; yet when I contemplate the fruits of the trial and labour of these last six months, it brings some comfort to my mind, as an evidence that I do not live only to lament my misfortunes, and be humbled by those heavy chastisements I have felt, and must for ever in this life press

me sorely. That I have not sunk under the pressure has been I hope in mercy, that I might be better fitted for my eternal state; and form the children of a loved husband before I go hence. With these thoughts I can be hugely content to live; and the rather as the clouds seem to gather and threaten storms; though God only knows how I may acquit myself, and what help I may be, or what example I shall give to my young creatures: I mean well towards them, if I know my heart. I wish I could advise you substantially, to the end you ask it for, about a lawyer. I know few, and made use of but one, who appears to me an ingenious and honest man: it is Mr. Evers, of Lincoln's Inn; but he is so exceeding full of business, it makes him slow to dispatch; he seems to me to be a man of integrity, and I think not a high churchman in his principles. I give the hint, that if you should happen to converse with him, you may know the better how to do it without distaste.

You caution me to mollify, by a right construction, any expression of yours that may be hardly worded: you need not do it; for if at any time there should be cause (as I know none), I shall not fail to do as you desire, who in all things will endeavour to appear

Your most grateful friend and servant.

19th July, 1688.

If you call here, you will be very welcome.

LXVII.

TO LADY ALINGTON.

I PERCEIVE, sister, you are very tender in regard to the persons of others, but rigid to your own self, or you would never imagine a remaining guilt where I fancy there was never any; for I can either allow myself to think my brother in some fault, or have such a deference to your judgment as to believe there was none any where. However it was, my request was not scorned, and so my end was served, and I am yours with great respect, and very sorry you have had any new interruption in your health; I learn from my Lord Bedford it was accidental, by putting ice to a wrong use. I take it to be an ingredient almost as dangerous in a family as ratsbane, servants being so ill judges of its use. The good consequence of country air, I believe, would be as much advantageous to you, if you would take it, as we shall find it: the season is temperate and pleasant. The rest and pensive quiet of it is very grateful to me, whose body nor mind is fitted for the hurry of the last six months; and I wish I may so profit of the time I may make my own here, as to repair in some measure my want then, by being so busy in worldly matters. Yet it was such a duty, and in appearance I was so blessed in it, that this reflection was sometimes a refreshment to me, that I did not live only to grieve at, and be humbled for those heavy chastisements my soul has felt and must still feel till my eternal rest, where we shall weep nor sorrow no

more. I am so apt to exceed all bounds when I let myself loose on some subjects, that nothing can recover me, but a short breaking off, which I will do, with this assurance of my being

Your humble servant and sister.

25th August, 1688.

LXVIII.

DR. TILLOTSON TO LADY RUSSELL.

HONOURED MADAM,

I RECEIVED yours the night before I was going for Tunbridge, at my return from whence I did fully design to have sent a line or two to have inquired after the welfare of your ladyship and your children; but I see it is in vain to contend with a goodness which doth always prevent the most forward of your friends and servants. I am now newly returned from thence, where I left the good princess very well, and I think much better than ever I saw her. That very evening I parted from your ladyship at the tabernacle I received, by two messengers, two letters from my wife, who in the first told me she feared my child was dying, which troubled me much; in the other that she was perfectly well, which amazed me more. Thus it was—when the child was grown very weak, all on the sudden there gushed from her head down her nose with great violence a good quantity of water, which brought along with it a pretty big piece of cork, which either the child herself, or one of her little brothers had thrust up into her nose, where it had remained above six weeks; by the stoppage and

pain whereof the child was extremely wasted; but from the moment it came away, was at perfect ease: so soon can God when he pleases turn our mourning into joy. I trouble your ladyship with a more particular account of this, because you are pleased to be concerned for me; and your advice to leave off syringing, which I told your ladyship did always put the child into grievous agonies, was by God's good providence very happy for the child, because it would probably have forced up the cork so far, that it could not have been got down.

I came to town on purpose two or three days after, to have prevented your ladyship's further trouble of searching out the papers, for which I most humbly thank you, and have no occasion now to call for them. But I found your ladyship gone the day before; and now it is time to come to your letter, and to tell your ladyship how glad I am to hear that all your family are well, and that you meet with some rest after your toil and labour in a business, from which I heartily pray that you and your good daughter may reap all the comfort and satisfaction that you can wish, and that the present appearances of things seem so fairly to promise. But I need not tell to your ladyship how little reckoning is to be made of any of the comforts of this world. All our hopes, but those of another world, are built upon uncertainty and vanity. Till we come to the regions above, we shall never be out of the reach of storms and tempests. Thither let us always be aspiring in our minds, and pressing forward towards that blessed state. But why do I say this to one that hath a much more lively sense of these things?

I pray God to preserve my Lord Cavendish in his travels from the hazards of all kinds to which he is likely to be exposed, and to return him to you and to his excellent lady greatly improved in all true, noble, and virtuous qualities. My mind doth presage much happiness to you in him; I am sure I earnestly wish it. I will not forget your commands of congratulation when I see my lord. As for my friend* who is so mindful in the midst of his prosperity of his old friends, I beg of your ladyship, when you have the opportunity, to let him know that I have a true sense of his constant friendship. For the paper he mentions, I believe it is well received generally on both sides†. For men's heats are much allayed, and they have now patience to hear of their faults, if they be told them in a civil way, without anger and ill will, as that paper does with great skill, considering the nicety and tenderness of the subject. So that, if it hath not fully pleased both, it hath the good fortune to have provoked neither. It is too much according to my mind for me to be fit to commend it. I will only say this of it, that it is both very artificial, and very honest—two things which seldom meet together.

I ought now to make a long apology for this long trouble I have given you, but I will not, in excuse of one fault, commit another.

I pray God to preserve you and yours, and to send

* Supposed to be Doctor Fitzwilliam.

† Sam. Johnson's Way to Peace among all Protestants, &c.

us a good meeting at your return to London. In the mean time, and for ever, I must remain,

Honoured madam,

Your ladyship's obliged

And most humble servant.

Canterbury, 6th Sept. 1688.

LXIX.

TO LORD CAVENDISH.

I DESIRE this may assure Lord Cavendish he had furnished the last post with the most agreeable entertainment I can receive by it, since I can have no better content in this world than to have your lordship confirm my hope that you are pleased with your so near relation to us here, that you believe us kind to you, and value our being so.

There is nothing that is tender, or of service to your person, which it does not engage me to, with a passion no words can tell you; but my actions will, if ever I have an opportunity to do it.

Your news is of great importance to the public concerns, and it is to my private ones that you believe me very well pleased that I can sign this with the title of,

My lord,

Your lordship's most humble servant,

And affectionate mother.

15th Oct. 1688.

LXX.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

If you could, good doctor, see the letter I left in my closet at London, it would be a demonstration to you, that no hasty or irregular motion puts my friends out of my mind ; for though I failed in the executive part, yet I was not careless in that took up more of my time. I very formally writ my letter, laid by the Gazettes, and then, as in our best endeavours we often do spoil all by some defect in the close, so did I now, by forgetting to give my letter to be sent to you.

I was but two whole days in town, went on Saturday, was early back on Tuesday, found all here well, as I bless God I left them, and all at London in amaze, all talking of the same matter ; and I believe there is no considerable change since, for it was then agreed the Prince of Orange could not be ready for sailing till this day. This sort of weather and wind keeps the apprehensions at a distance, and if it continues any time, may possibly disperse them altogether ; but it is known to God alone what shall be the event of these things. We may wonder, and heartily say, his ways are unsearchable, and past finding out.

Those are happy, who in the midst of confusions can faithfully believe the end of all shall be rest ; and if we can evidence to our hearts, we have a title according to the promises of the Gospel, to that happy rest, what can be a very uneasy disturbance ? Nothing should be, I am certain ; yet we find pretences for it.

I think I fear not for myself, but I am afraid what risk my children may run ; and if that were not, our weak faith would furnish us out with some other reason to justify, as we fancy, our too great carefulness. I will do what I can not to exceed, and so bid you adieu for this time.

5th Oct. 1688.

LXXI.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

SUCH letters as yours, sir, do not disturb my quiet, but quiet my disturbance. Before this, I guess, if mine of the 5th does not miscarry one way, as that will tell you another did another way, you will know I wanted not yours to draw your return from me. I forgot when I writ on Friday, to put up the Gazettes, nor are they entire now, for my journey to London put me and them out of order, and all of late date are wanting. The winds keep them back, as it does, as the king says, the Dutch at a distance from us. Thus we are experimenting how much God can restrain the spirit of princes, and by holding in the winds, disappoint the greatest, and doubtless, as they think, the wisest laid designs.

What has passed between the bishops and the king is, we are told, a secret ; but things are coming about into their old channel, above any expectation you or I had when we met last*.

* On the 30th September the Bishop of London's suspension was taken off. 3 Oct. the king having desired the advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, nine bishops attended him

I have scarce had time to run over your philosophical lecture, but I suppose if I had, or when I have read it at more leisure over, I shall not find myself very well furnished to use many words in my answer; now I have none, for my letters are called for, and the company come into my chamber, which I keep for a great cold. I have been complaining in most of my letters, how near to nothing I am when this poor carcass is diseased, so very feeble in my mind and body; but I mend my opinion of myself now I read how listless you are upon such another occasion. I am glad yours is near over; mine is but begun, nor would my letter be more I think, if I had time to enlarge. The *Anatomy of an Equivalent* is the newest good paper I know; I have been lent it only to read, and have it not any more*.

with ten articles, as the best means to restore his affairs. In consequence of which, the ecclesiastical commission was dissolved, popish magistrates were displaced, and an order for restoring Magdalen college to its rights, and a proclamation for restoring the charters of corporations.—*Salmon*.

* Of the *Equivalent*, Ralph says, when the king undertook to soften the clergy with the promise of an Equivalent, he as effectually deceived himself as he designed to deceive them. Churchmen can have no equivalent for wealth, power, dignity, and importance; and they knew by themselves, that if the priests and partisans of Rome ever procured themselves a legal establishment in the constitution, they would not bear the shadow of a rival. The Marquis of Halifax employed his excellent pen against the Equivalent.

LXXII.

TO LORD CAVENDISH.

MY LORD,

As yours writ 16th Oct. has lain by me many days, so I may say, and justify the saying it, that I have as often been desirous to tell you how welcome these marks of respect and remembrance are to me; but I will not by insignificant letters make often waste of so precious a thing as time is, which, if misspent, can never be recovered, since it can never be recalled; and if employed as such by you, as I doubt not but it is, you are then a gainer by every moment of it, to the honour and pleasure, I trust, of many years: and that you may do so, and then be so rewarded for your ingenious labour, you have the strongest wish of my affectionate heart, and constant prayers to the great Dispenser of all good to us his creatures.

I am glad that in your solitude (for such I esteem your stay at Brussels) you have met with so good a companion as Lord Kingston. I resist my will when I do not urge you

&c. But finding you are going further from us, I must tell you how concernedly my prayers and best wishes attend you. Your return would be a time of more sensible content to me, and yet if I were to dispose of your person, what you are to do should be my choice for you; for to live well in the world, it is for certain most necessary to know the world well. We are under the same protection in all places where we can be. It is very true the

circumstances of our beings do sometimes require our better diligence and watch over ourselves, than at other times; and it is now going to be so with your lordship: you are launching into the ocean; if you steer wisely, you secure a calm for your whole life; you will discern the vanity of all the pomps and glories of this world; how little intrinsic good there is in the enjoyment! and how uncertain it is how long we shall enjoy that good there is in them! And by observation, you will be made sensible how much below the dignity of human nature it is to gain one's point, let the matter be what it will, by any mean or insincere way.

Having proved all, I hope you will choose the best, and take under your care the whole compass of virtue and religion.

Oct. 1688.

LXXIII.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

My good intention has been hid from you, good doctor, by my letter, &c. failing to come to your hands, which I sent the 21st of this month, as I find it upon record in my noted paper; there is nothing lost by it, except that mark which writing gives of my respect towards you; and that you do not question, I believe.

We in the country are still kept under wonder and expectation; the cloud is very thick that is spread over us; but that is our support (if we can but maintain our courage for a while), that nothing that can

befall us can hurt us much ; being the power of man reaches no further than these frail bodies, that must, however, in a little while lie down, until that glorious day of the Lord, when all men's works shall be tried by a right judgment. Then shall we see many justified that have stood condemned with the world ; until then I desire to wait with patience.

I have told you before, if my paper has at all come to you, that Lord Bedford is preparing to remove from this place, if the prince lands northwards, to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire.

I hear Lord Cavendish is well at Brussels ; he says, he has much of my Lord Kingston's company, who being there, will stay till he hears a little more from hence. God have you in his protection, is the prayer of

Your friend and servant.

28th October, 1688.

The Duchess of Somerset I hear has a girl.

LXXIV.

TO LADY ALINGTON.

IF I did not know myself to be the worst correspondent in the world, I should be more careful to improve that which you so kindly begun with me ; yet to let my sister see I am not careless in taking advantage of the first pretence, I think, is offered me to justify sending a dull letter, I take that of your coming to your new house. It is usual to congratulate or con-

dole at changes: I am glad I begin with the first; and I hope the time you are to pass in this imperfect state will be so happy to you, that in all the various events of a changing world, your friends that survive the few remaining days I have to stay in it, shall still have cause to be glad, not mourn with you. If wishes were not unprofitable, I should contribute towards it; and think myself too inconsiderable to do it any other way, except by my two unworthy prayers, which are ever presented before the throne of grace for good to all my friends, in which number I sincerely desire I may find you, and that you will receive as such to you,

Dear sister,

Yours affectionately.

1688.

LXXV.

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

I AM very sorry the motion you made me about money was not for yourself, and that by my receiving it, I might at such a time as this have had the opportunity of doing you some little service; for it was purely upon that consideration I accepted to take it; and being it was not so, I am glad the party was not met with, lest my expression in the matter was not clear to you, who seemed to understand me as if I would still deal in the things, by saying it may rest till you hear from her, or see me. I easily believe my thoughts might be confused to a degree that I could speak nothing plain; for if I had, you would have understood

that my saying, Get it in if you can, and I will secure it for you (which I think were the words), was purely in relation to Dr. Fitzwilliam himself; for whose convenience I would most willingly have had the trouble I must have met by taking it; but desire to be excused from it, since it is not so. I am of the mind you want more advice than my former, which was to lay in provision beforehand; now it is to be honest to yourself, a caution you little thought to meet with; but upon my word I think I can maintain the phrase; nay, I could go further, and say you are not honest to your neighbour; but I will give over, only to repeat the old saying to make good my point, "Too much pity spoils a city." I have rambled the more, because one is in prudence confined not to speak of matters one is strangely bent to be talking of*.

The use you would (if there is cause for it) put my gallery to, you may, sir, very freely; for my own part, I don't think that great house to be so well chosen: it is too much in view I doubt; however, that is left to your consideration.

I wish you very heartily well directed in all your concerns, little and great; and am, with true cordial kindness,

Your friend and servant.

16 November, 1688.

* The Prince of Orange being now landed; his declaration; the king's answering it; the association; desertion of the king's troops; some of the prince's friends taken; petitions for a parliament, with the other circumstances at that time, must fill all minds with apprehensions and anxiety.

LXXVI.

TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

MY LORD,
I HAVE very justly obeyed the commands of your lordship's last letter, 30th October, both to my Lord Bedford and my sister; and had not failed sooner to have made my report of doing so to your lordship, and with what sentiments they received your valuable esteem, and so resolved an affection as you express; but I had put my letter into Lady Clinton's hands before I had shewed it to my Lord Bedford, and so stayed for its return to me, which that good lady took care it should do, with some advantage, sending with it a particular how the money for Stowel was disposed of. I believe I might accidentally induce her to it, though my words did not require it; which were only, that if the money was not so paid, as that the portion would clear the jointure, I foresaw a rock not to be got over, if times should so settle, that business of such a nature could proceed. And truly, my lord, I think discouragements do visibly wear but the storm rather increases, that will not admit of leisure for dispatches of this nature. I am charged with more respectful compliments from my Lord Bedford than I know how to express; and when our troubles are, by the power and mercy of God, less violent, I shall watch the time to please your lordship in my reports, better than it has been my fortune of late to do, though I have at all times equally desired to approve myself.

25 November, 1688.

LXXVII.

TO LADY CLINTON.

It is fit your ladyship should know I received your letter, and the enclosed, which was more than looked for, the meaning I had being only to hint what blocks I feared might be found, when other difficulties might be surmounted; but you are too watchful a friend to leave any thing undone which may be of the least use. I hope the money is well husbanded, though I want skill to know justly what the portion may discharge.

But, madam, nothing I think can just now occasion a resolution for a treaty, the cloud over us hangs too heavy. I have writ this post to my lord, and hope he will not complain, at least not of

25 November, 1688.

INDEX.

No.	Page
1. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	9
2. The same to the same.....	12
3. The same to the same.....	13
4. The same to the same.....	14
5. Lady Russell to the King (Charles II.).....	14
6. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	16
7. Doctor Fitzwilliam to Lady Russell.....	19
8. Doctor Burnet to Lady Russell.....	22
9. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	25
10. The same to the same.....	27
11. The same to the same.....	30
12. Doctor Fitzwilliam to Lady Russell.....	33
13. Doctor Simon Patrick to Lady Russell.....	37
14. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	40
15. The same to the same.....	44
16. Doctor Fitzwilliam to Lady Russell.....	46
17. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	49
18. The same to the same.....	52
19. The same to the same.....	54
20. The same to the same.....	56
21. The same to the same.....	57
22. The same to the same.....	59
23. The same to the same.....	61
24. The same to the same.....	65
25. The same to the same.....	68
26. Doctor Fitzwilliam to Lady Russell.....	71
27. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	74
28. The same to the same.....	77
29. Doctor Tillotson to Lady Russell.....	79
30. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	80
31. The same to the same.....	83
32. The same to the same.....	86
33. The same to the same.....	88
34. The same to the same.....	89
35. The same to the same.....	91
36. The same to the same.....	95
37. The same to the same.....	97
38. Doctor Fitzwilliam to Lady Russell.....	100

No.	Page
39. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	102
40. The same to the same.....	103
41. The same to the same.....	105
42. The same to the same.....	107
43. The same to the same.....	109
44. The same to the same.....	111
45. The same to the same.....	115
46. The same to the same.....	117
47. The same to the same.....	118
48. The same to the same.....	120
49. The Princess of Orange to Lady Russell	121
50. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	123
51. The same to the same.....	124
52. The same to the same.....	127
53. The same to the same.....	130
54. The same to the same.....	131
55. The Princess of Orange to Lady Russell	134
56. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	136
57. The same to the same.....	138
58. The same to the same.....	138
59. The same to the same.....	141
60. The same to the same.....	141
61. The same to the same.....	143
62. The Princess of Orange to Lady Russell	144
63. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	144
64. The same to the same.....	146
65. The same to the same.....	148
66. The same to the same.....	148
67. Lady Russell to Lady Alington	152
68. Dr. Tillotson to Lady Russell.....	153
69. Lady Russell to Lord Cavendish.....	156
70. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	157
71. The same to the same.....	158
72. Lady Russell to Lord Cavendish.....	160
73. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam	161
74. Lady Russell to Lady Alington	162
75. Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	163
76. Lady Russell to the Earl of Strafford.....	165
77. Lady Russell to Lady Clinton.....	166

END OF VOL. I.

C. & C. WHITTINGHAM, Chiswick.

Russell, Rachel,

The letters of Lady Rachel Russell from the original at Woburn Abbey

Bd.: 1

London (1825)

Epist. 764 m-1/2

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10403865-2